WORLD-WIDE MISSIONS

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The Rev. Robert Howard

World-Wide Missions

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Dedication

This book is dedicated to the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, and its many friends in all lands.

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Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh the harvest? behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest — JESUS.

Introduction

In this twentieth century book-making era, some may be prompted to question

"Why Another Book?"

and, to such, we would reply:

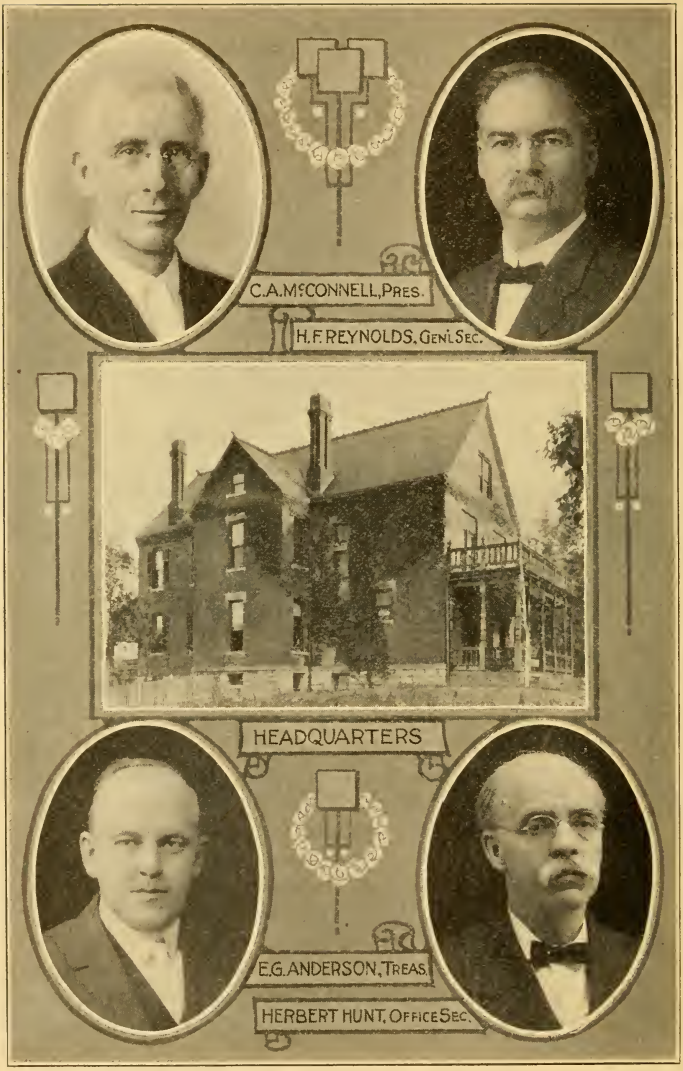
(1) The General Missionary Board of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, in annual meeting, October 22-26, 1913, feeling that if we are to faithfully and intelligently discharge our obligations, and carry out the Lord's command in Matthew 28: 18-20, not only by re-enforcing the work already begun, but by taking cognizance of new opportunities to extend His Kingdom, it was of paramount importance that we have more accurate and intimate acquaintance with the needs of our mission fields; and they also believing that this survey would help us to secure such necessary financial and spiritual support as would enable us to make a wise and more effective distribution of our forces and equipment, appointed the writer to undertake an early tour of inspection, and record his observations.

(2) Because it was felt the homeland church would want to know something of its missionary representatives and what they are trying to accomplish for the cause of Holiness; also because the conviction was entertained that the reader, when he is informed of all these things, will not only know what he should give, and why, but would wish to give with increased liberality.

Besides, such action seemed the more justifiable because of the Providential circumstances in connection with the work in the various fields; and was further demonstrated as being advisable by the fact that quite a sum towards the expenses of such a trip was promised by several persons, some of whom did not belong to our denomination. Brother Upchurch started the financial ball to rolling.

The author, in presenting this little volume, makes no claim to literary merit, but has sought to carefully record his observations in mission fields for the benefit of the church and the glory of God.

H. F. Reynolds.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World-Wide Missions

Beginning the Journey

By very strenuous effort, and the blessing of God, the writer succeeded in making the necessary preparation to start from Kansas City, Mo., December 1, 1913, on the Mission Survey in his around-the-world-tour.

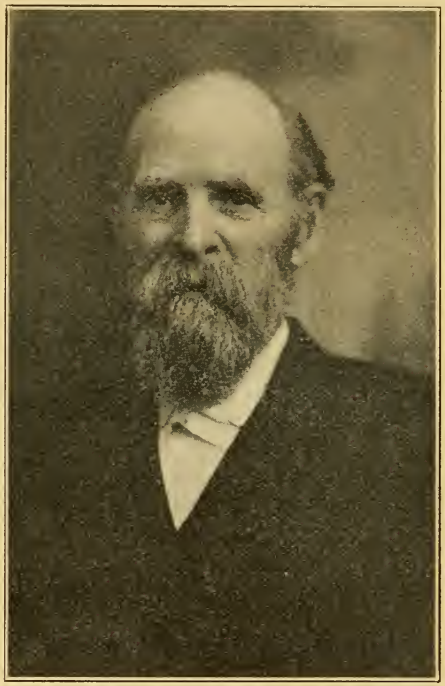
In the good providence of God it was arranged that the writer should begin his tour in company with a strong band of missionaries being sent out at this time to reinforce our workers upon the field. This band consisted of Rev. and Mrs. L. H. Humphrey, Misses Lillian Pool and Lulu Williams, destined for Japan; Rev. and Mrs. Peter Keihn, and son Arnold, and Miss Glennie Sims, for China; Misses Hulda and Leoda Grebe, and Miss Virginia Roush, for India.

As our missionary party was booked to sail from San Francisco, December 16, 1913, we made a rapid itinerary, holding farewell missionary meetings at Greeley and Colorado Springs, Colorado; First Church, Los Angeles, and University and First Church in Pasadena, closing in Southern California with Rev. Lucy P. Knott's church. We were greatly indebted to District Missionary Treasurer Brother L. F. Gay, who may be recognized in the accompanying picture, in that he took complete charge of all the arrangemnets for our booking, itinerary on the coast, etc.

Being greatly wearied from such a pressure of work, Judge and Rev. Lucy P. Knott planned a day's rest for the writer, their son, Brother Proctor Knott, taking him to "Camp Thankful," beautifully located on a slope of one of the Sierra Madre foothills. Returning, we made a brief call on Doctor Walker, who may be seen standing by one of the heavily laden orange trees in his grove.

On going north, the missionary party was divided into two bands, and farewell meetings were held in Bakersfield, Milton,

and Stockton — all meeting in Berkeley, Saturday night. Sunday, December 14th, missionary meetings were held in Alameda, Berkeley, Oakland, and San Francisco. By special request, Doctor Bresee had joined the party, and his two masterly



LESLIE F. GAY

sermons gave a great and lasting inspiration to the outgoing missionaries. See his picture.

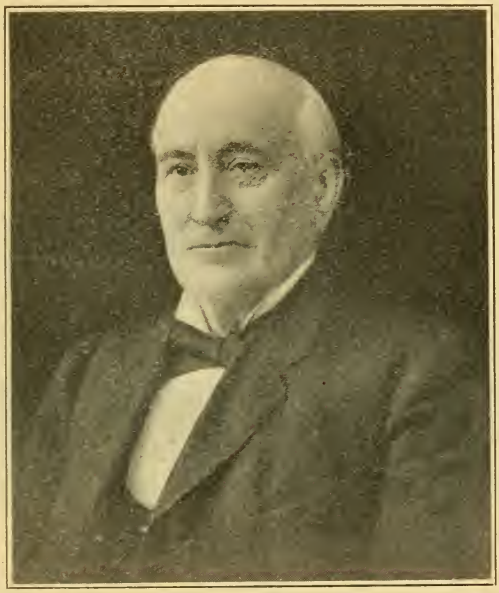
It is unnecessary to enlarge on the fact that our party was exceedingly weary from the constant demands upon them, but proved themselves to be good soldiers, and for the first time all present were together at the Oakland church. See them in the picture.

CAMP THANKFUL

DR. E. F. WALKER AT HOME

Miss Leoda Grebe, Miss Hulda Grebe.
Miss Lillian Pool, Miss Lula Williams, Miss Virginia Roush, Miss Glennie Sims, Mrs. Peter Kiehn,
Mrs. L. H. Humphrey, Rev. L. H. Humphrey, Rev. H. F. Reynolds, Rev. Peter Kiehn, Master Arnold Kiehn.

This was a memorable occasion in the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene. We pause to mention one incident: In the midst of the services, we had singing in eleven different languages: German, Spanish, Portuguese, Japanese, Chinese, Armenian, Turkish, Hindustani, Hawaiian, and English; and, best of all, one understood the things that were sung, in the tongue in which he was born (Acts 2:8). Yet, this was not the end, for

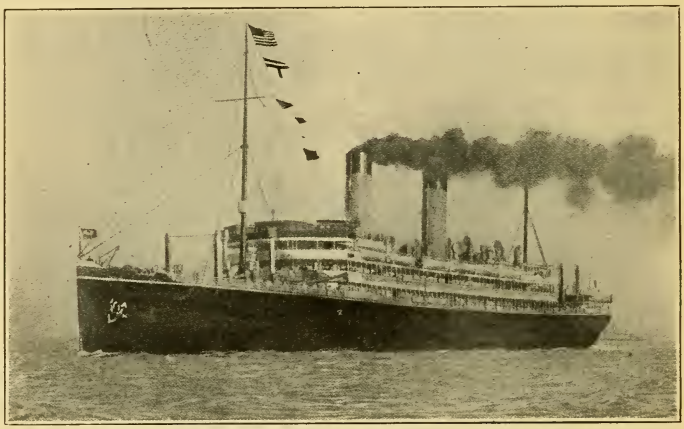


DR. P. F. BRESEE

Tuesday at about 11:45 in the morning, when our party had come aboard the great steamer *Tenyo Maru*, a large number of the saints from the Bay City churches had gathered on deck, where another great service was held. It is a question in the mind of the writer if ever before such singing, praying, and shouting has been heard on the deck of any ship. We were lifted to the very throne of heaven, and our spiritual vision was mightily increased — lost nations destined for eternity

were brought nigh, and all the missionaries stood ready as it were to bear the news on eagle wings.

Now, with the last saint gone ashore, the last good-bye and God bless you spoken, the last flying message speeding across the country to tell loved ones of our safe departure, the great ship with her precious cargo of human souls backed out into the bay, and swung around toward the Golden Gate. Meanwhile, there were those both aboard ship and on the land who were sad, as well as glad, yet all rejoiced with a joy unspeakable, for all knew that in the name of the King of kings and the



S. S. TENYO MARU

Lord of lords, the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene was more determined than ever to

"Girdle the globe with salvation
And holiness unto the Lord."

and all knew that we are only in the dawning of a new day in the missionary movement of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene.

When our steamer had borne us so far from the pier we could no longer distinguish the precious saints ashore, we turned with the throng that was crowding the deck, to view the mag-

nificent scenery, as we passed out through the beautiful Golden Gate.

Having been booked for passage with a Christian gentleman, we were much disappointed in our roommates, inasmuch as one of them proved to be a very wicked man, who had a stock of liquor and tobacco, besides being very vulgar of speech. The other, a lawyer, though highly cultured and of polished manners, seemed to endorse the action of the first named party. I soon took in the situation, and saw at once that light or darkness was to prevail, so I ran up the blood-stained banner of Jesus, and stood by the colors to the end. I asked the other men to please allow me to read a portion of the Scripture, and my attention was directed to the One Hundred and Seventh Psalm, 23rd to 30th verses. I had liberty in establishing an altar by prayer and was greatly blessed in the presence of mine enemies. The last part of the thirtieth verse was illumined by the Holy Spirit — "So he bringeth them unto their desired haven." I then retired about 9:40, resting my whole weight on that precious and appropriate promise of God.

About 11:30 I was aroused by the alarm of fire, when someone of our party came to the door and said, "There is a fire on board!" The first thing I thought of was that promise, "So he bringeth them unto their desired haven." The fire, which it was supposed had been started by someone carelessly throwing the unused end of a cigarette into one of the storerooms, was soon extinguished; and the passengers finally quieted. But you can imagine the scene, with the frightened women crowding about. The ship was of iron, and of course could not have been easily destroyed; yet a good deal of wood was used in the fittings and furnishings; so considerable damage could have been done had these burned, as well as injury sustained by her voyagers — we carried 320 steerage, 120 second-class, and 50 first-class passengers — and it reminded me of the great voyage of life, with myriads of precious souls hurrying into the endless eternity.

Early in the morning of our seventh day out, December 20th, we arrived in the beautiful harbor of Honolulu, where our entire party disembarked at about 8:30 o'clock, spending the whole day ashore. It certainly proved a rest day, as well as

one of profitable recreation. Much of our enjoyment there was due to the management of the superintendent of the Methodist Korean Mission, the Rev. R. Zurbuchen, also a teacher in the Mills School, and presiding elder of about fifty Korean missions. He met us at the boat landing and took us first to a good restaurant, where several of our members, who had not been able to eat much aboard ship, were able to enjoy a good meal.

Our party now visited the famous Aquarium, and the Manoa Valley, magnificent and beautiful with its rugged mountains and deep canyons dotted with native and foreign farms.

MOUNTAINS OF HAWAII

All our party attended Christmas services in the first-class dining room, the whole number present on this occasion being about twenty-five. Rev. Mr. Larrego, who was enroute for Canton, conducted the meeting.

In the afternoon, the missionaries had a very interesting Christmas in the room of Brother and Sister Humphrey, part of the programme — one of great interest — being the opening and reading of many letters which had been entrusted to them by friends before leaving California, said letters bearing the mark "Not to be opened until Christmas morning." Sweet-

meats, candies, and nuts were served, having been provided by the thoughtful love of these same kindly friends. To add to our comfort and enjoyment, the steward seemed to remember we were from the country whose national dinner was always served with the proverbial turkey and its accompaniment of cranberry sauce. Most of the afternoon we spent in considering our proposed missionary undertakings, especially the work of Japan and China, and were much blessed in the prayerful study of the situation.

At 4:00 p. m. we reached Longitude 180 degrees West and "lost a day" — jumping from Thursday, December 25th, to Saturday, December 27th. At the time of crossing this meridian, we were probably about the middle of the Pacific Ocean — that is, in North Latitude 21 degrees, 54 minutes, and Longitude 180 degrees, where the ocean, it is claimed, attains a depth of six miles.

It reminded us of the Scripture which says, "God hath cast our sins into the depth of the sea" (Micah 7:19). Our prayer was that all might realize the fulfillment of this passage.

Several interesting evangelistic meetings were held throughout the voyage, which resulted in the saving of a number of precious souls. At the close of one of those held among the steerage passengers, a Japanese woman came to the missionaries' room to have her two children baptized; but, before the interview terminated, the mother herself was converted, and was baptized together with her two little children. The accompanying picture, taken on the deck of the *Tenyo Maru*, will give the reader an idea of this little group.

The writer, having been requested to take note of the accommodations of those traveling second class, to those interested, will make a few statements which otherwise might be omitted:

With reference to the rooms of second class passage, the writer can make no definite statement, for so many traveled second class on this trip, the ship's company could not accommodate them all, and had to assign them to first class rooms, which were very good indeed. When one comes to the matter of food and table service, there was a great diversity of opinion. All agreed that there was a good supply, and

quite a variety from which to select, but the trouble seemed to be with the consumers, some maintaining that the cooking was overdone, others that it was half done, yet others that it was not done at all. Some said it was what it was cooked with, some that it was the odors which came from where it was cooked. And who shall say as to whether each one spoke the truth or that he was not right so far as his own knowledge and experience went to make up the matter of what was said? As one of the missionaries who recently sailed wrote, "We don't

JAPANESE MOTHER CONVERTED DURING VOYAGE

find that the second class is equal to the first." I am persuaded, however, that it may not be the best policy to impair the physical condition of our workers going to foreign fields by allowing them to travel second class — unless unusually good — for while in so doing we may save the amount of one or two month's pay by the difference in transportation, if because of such second class passage the missionary should arrive on the field of labor unfitted to work for several months, there would be no gain, to say nothing of the inconvenience to the missionary and his impaired efficiency at a time when he needs to rally

all his resources, physical, mental, and spiritual, to the serious problems confronting him in a strange land and among strange peoples.

According to a Japanese New Year's custom, some of the party passed at an early hour to the several doors of our missionaries, and softly sang some familiar hymns. The writer distinctly heard, "The toils of the road will seem nothing when we get to the end of the way." It never had seemed so sweet to him as at that early hour, as he thought of home, the journey now under way, and heaven, and the lot of the sanctified Christian so full of comfort and holy joy. May God speed the day when not a few, but whole ship loads of missionaries shall be sent to carry the "glad tidings" to those who sorrow with no hope (1 Thess. 4:13).

We arrived in Yokohama harbor in the early morning, and our steamer, having come to the company's dock at about 10:00 o'clock, those who were not already on deck exerted themselves to get there; for it would never do to be found sick when the health officers inspected the ship's passengers — that is, if one wished to go ashore. This duty over, and the travelers permitted to land, I think there was never a happier company than our band of missionaries. Our hearts bubbled over with joy and thanksgiving for our safe deliverance from every danger, seen and unseen.

All were soon ashore, the baggage speedily following, except such goods as belonged to missionaries destined for China and India.

Having a clean bill of health, and passports signed by United States Secretary W. J. Bryan, that we were citizens of the United States, we were permitted to enter Japan, just as we must have the blessing of a clean heart and the witness of the Holy Ghost to our citizenship to enter heaven, for "without holiness, no man shall see God." Because of this command, our missionaries are crossing land and sea that the Gospel in its fulness may be taught to the millions for whom Jesus died. Dear reader, pray that God will open their eyes to behold wondrous things out of His law (Ps. 119:18).

Part I

Japan

THE COUNTRY

Area. Japan is a country with small area and dense population, having about 161,200 square miles, or smaller than Texas, and a trifle larger than California.

Population. The Japanese probably number about forty-five million souls.

Number of Inhabitants to square mile. It is difficult to form an accurate conception as to the density of the population of this island country abstractly; but when one recalls that the State of New York, with one-fourth the area of Japan and over nine million population, has an average of 192 persons to the square mile, and that California, the same in area as Japan, with nearly two and a half million population, has an average of sixteen persons to the square mile, one begins to appreciate that Japan, with 280 persons to the square mile, is very hard pressed for room for her rapidly increasing population.

Location. This Sunrise Empire, with her sea-bathed shores, is spread over an oceanic territory within the boundary of latitudes 20 to 50 degrees North and longitudes 120 to 150 East, giving these sons of Nippon an industrial farm of 1,800 miles square.

THE FIELD

Impression. The writer's impression — not his first, however, which is apt to take the precedent, but his impression after visiting Japan, China, India, and South Africa, judging from the limited knowledge gained by reading, observation, and conversation is — that Japan is both the easiest and most difficult field in which we have to establish, enlarge, and perfect our work.

Easiest Geographically. Our workers can reach Japan in from twelve to twenty days of ocean travel, arriving at either of the points where we now have a mission station. Once within the Empire, the worker can reach any point where we would be apt to do work, either by rail or waterway. In all cities, and almost if not all the villages, there are hotels where one can find accommodation with either foreign or native food, and a bed — though it may be on the floor.

Numerically. The millions of Japan are made easy of access from the fact that it is a national custom for them to live in cities, and large or small villages, making it possible for the missionary and his helper to easily reach the people.

Educationally. Japan has her system of public education, similar to that of the United States of America, so that it is at once possible for one to appeal to the individual through an educated mind, not only by personal effort, but by the aid of the printed page, such as Bible, tracts, songs, and pictures to back up and clarify the truth the missionary or worker desires to convey.

From these few facts mentioned, it may be readily seen that it is much easier to reach a people where the way has been prepared, in a measure, for the more direct work of the missionary, than in a country where many of the above mentioned conditions do not exist, as is often the case in India, China, and South Africa, when one gets away from treaty ports.

Most Difficult. The fact that Japan became civilized, or semi-civilized, before being to any considerable extent Christianized, places her among the most difficult people among whom to accomplish successful Christian work. She adopted the Western, or so-called Christian ideas of the West — such as education, business methods, dress, sporting, pleasure seeking, and much of the rush and bustle of the Westerner, before giving up her heathen worship, or adopting the Christian religion.

Her Self-Sufficiency. The writer does not claim to have traced when or where she became imbued with this spirit of self-sufficiency, though some attribute it to her recent victories in naval and military engagements with Russia and China. Yet, to the writer, it seems a disease of longer duration, and

so deeply seated that it might have had its origin in the depraved condition of heart of many of her subjects, as manifested to a marked degree both in the individual and national independence. There seems to be not much if any spirit of humility.

Infidelity. While there is on the part of many of the Japanese, especially among the student body, a breaking away from their worship of idols, there seems to be a strong tendency to swing like a pendulum to the other extreme, and reject all religion.

Many having rejected the religion of their ancestors, are ready to read anything on religious and scientific subjects, and naturally fall in with much of the infidel literature being profusely scattered, especially among the students of Japan.

While it is a great victory for the Gospel of Christ that so many have turned from their idols to serve the true and living God, yet it remains a fact that only one in five, or only ten millions of her fifty millions have heard an intelligent presentation of the Gospel of our blessed Lord, and great darkness still remains.

Education. All classes in Japan are anxious for education, both in their own and the English language. Among the first things a missionary will have a chance to do is to teach English, either private classes, or in schools, or individual pupils. Many times the young Japanese will come to the missionaries' homes and engage in conversation just to get the advantage of the English pronunciation; and unless the missionaries are on the alert, these young men will follow up the Bible class, or personal interviews, just for the advantage they may gain in helping them on in their knowledge of the English language, which all of the young men are especially anxious to obtain. While God can and does overrule their motives sometimes, and they get saved, yet, unless the missionary is on guard against it, they will take up the time wholly for their own advantage in English.

Climate. While Japan does not extend far into the tropical zone — her southernmost point being 20 degrees North latitude, or about the same as Florida, and while her climate may not be worse than that of other countries, there is yet something in the atmospheric currents that seems to baffle most experienced

physicians with reference to its action on American and English missionaries — especially Americans.

Through the thoughtfulness of Sister Cora G. Snyder, our Superintendent at Fukuchiyama, arrangements had been perfected, so Rev. H. W. Swartz, M. D., Superintendent of the

HOTEL CENTRAL, TOKIO

Methodist Episcopal Church in Yokohama, with Brother Iwasaki, of the American Bible House, could meet us at the wharf, and they did us much kindness in securing proper porters; also with the assistance of Sisters Poole and Williams, due explanations made to the Japanese government officials, that our missionaries for Japan had only personal effects with them, and

that I was only going through, so all of our baggage was passed through the customs house without opening for inspection, to its destination, Fukuchiyama, and the excess baggage without the payment of duty, for which we were very thankful to that government, and praised our dear Lord for His manifold blessings.

By the thoughtful courtesy of Doctor Swartz and Brother Iwasaki, we were permitted to make the Bible House a kind of headquarters while in Yokohama, after having made arrangements for our goods to remain in that port until the Japanese New Year expired, their celebration lasting five days, or till after January 6th. Having refreshed the outer man with a good lunch, served American style, we made arrangements to proceed to Tokyo, the capital city of Japan, a distance of about twenty-eight miles. Arriving there, we availed ourselves of the common mode of conveyance, the jinrikisha, and were carried to Hotel Central, a house run in the interest of Americans and Europeans, where we remained throughout our stay at Tokyo, the cost per day being five yen, about $2.50 American money, a price corresponding with those in this country for same accommodations.

Having made arrangements for our temporary home over the Sabbath, some of the missionary party visited a portion of the capital city. The point of central interest visited at this time was the Temple of Asakusa. This is probably one of the most noted temples of all Japan. The writer, by personal observation, was soon convinced that not all of Japan is yet evangelized, for he saw some ten or twelve thousand persons worship at this altar every hour in the day, and the stream was continually coming and going. The priest informed us that there were ten million Japanese who worshiped this one god alone. It would be no exaggeration to say that at least fifty thousand people worshiped at the temple daily, especially during this holiday season. The whole of Saturday was taken up with visiting interesting parts of this great city. Among the places of note seen, we may mention the Uyeno and Imperial Park, the site of the royal residences, where several of the princes were seen riding in their automobiles; also many army officers in the jinrikisha. We also inspected some of the

department and silk stores, and later in the day went to Asakusa Park and temple, where the stream of worshipers continued to come and go as on the day previous. No person can remain in this city visiting from shrine to shrine, without becoming convinced of the necessity for missionary work in this great and growing capital of the Japanese Empire.

Perhaps the most interesting place we saw during the day was the Central Mission of the Oriental Missionary Society, which is located on Ogawamachi Street, a most advantageous site, being accessible by electric car service, also being in the central part of this thickly-populated metropolis of more than one and a half million inhabitants. We noticed that their building was well constructed of good material, and in addition to a Book Department, there is a room on the first floor where the congregation meet, in which we attended service on Sunday, January 4th. This was a delightful day. The air was clear but cold, and the ground was frozen quite hard. Having been granted the privilege of conducting family worship in the parlor of the hotel, after a refreshing season of prayer and praise, our party started out to find the Cowman and Kilbourne Bible school and church After about an hour's ride, we came to Kashiwagi, Yodobashimachi, a city of twenty thousand people, in which the Oriental Missionary Society have their headquarters, with Bible school and church, the result of nine years' hard work for the Master.

After service, Brother Kilbourne and his wife insisted upon our party taking dinner with them, which we enjoyed very much indeed, and were much refreshed in body and soul. After dinner, we accompanied Brother Kilbourne and a large number of the workers to the Japanese Methodist Episcopal church in Tokyo. This church is situated in a fine part of the city proper. By invitation the writer preached, with the aid of dear Brother Susao acting as interpreter. He is an excellent interpreter, and a man filled with the Holy Spirit. There were about two hundred persons present at this meeting, most of whom were converted people. The church property belonged to the Methodist Episcopal denomination, but at this time was without a pastor. Evangelist Nakada followed with a stirring exhortation in keeping with the sermon of the hour, and as a result about thirty-five

persons came to the altar. Twenty-five of these were seeking a clean heart, or entire sanctification, and the other ten for converting grace. Both men and women were very earnest seekers; some were very happy and came out laughing and crying; others left the altar before getting the blessing. It was a time of great rejoicing, many being blessed of the Spirit. My own soul was much refreshed while preaching, and indeed during the entire service. At night our party went to the Central Mission of the Oriental Missionary Society, with a number of workers from the Bible school. We enjoyed the meeting from beginning to end. They have a band for street meetings, and their singing, praying and shouting was very similar to meetings of the same character in our own country, reminding me very much of the old-time "revival meetings," and those of the present Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene. The sermon was about Zaccheus.

Brother Nakada gave the exhortation, and the altar was soon lined with earnest seekers after both works of grace. The Oriental Society has four missions and one church in Tokyo, all in active service, and meeting every Sunday. They also have Sunday schools in other parts of the city, and are making plans for extending the work as well as trying to place a portion of the Word of God in every home in Japan. Last year they distributed thirty million pages of their literature, including portions of the Scripture.

Our party had now been reduced to the missionaries for Japan and the writer, the others having returned to Yokohama, resumed their journey to their respective fields of labor in China and India. We spent part of this day in visiting the Methodist Episcopal Bible House, supposed to be the best in Japan, after which we made the rounds of a few stores. We then returned to Yokohama to complete the arrangements for our Fukuchiyama trip, the one place in Japan of greatest interest to us at that time. On arrival at Yokohama, however, we found we would not be able to transact any business until the following day, as they were still in their New Year's festivities. We had hoped to have left Yokohama by Tuesday, January 6th, but the entire day was occupied in getting the baggage and missionary freight out of the customs

house, and making arrangements for its shipment, thus compelling us to remain in this city until Wednesday. We were disappointed in having to give so much of our time to business, being thus deprived of an opportunity to visit the many places of interest in this historic city. However, we did find time to view one or two churches.

Wednesday morning was a busy time with our missionary party, all of them having arisen at an early hour. Breakfast being over, we were loaded into the jinrikisha and conveyed

ONE OF JAPAN'S IRON HORSES

to the Imperial Government Railway Depot. Here we received much attention from our good brother Iwasaki, who met us at the station and assisted us greatly, arranging for our tickets and transportation of baggage. This is a modernized railway, well equipped, and quite in keeping with our modern railway institutions in America.

Notwithstanding all the time spent the day before in trying to arrange the forwarding of our freight and baggage so as to have it on hand for the early south bound train, much of our heavy goods had not arrived. We decided to travel first class, which allowed each person 133 pounds of baggage, thus aiding

us in taking all our hand luggage and a part of the heavier goods on the train with us.

We were disappointed in not being able to view the beautiful landscape as we passed through, but the early day was rainy, and the mist hid the scene from our eyes. After awhile, however, the clouds began to lift, by noon it was quite clear, and many charming bits of coast and later the valley views inland were a source of constant delight. There were beautiful streams rushing merrily through rocky channels, neat little villages nestling here and there, the thrifty little farms, the distant mountain ranges over which played the lights, now purple, now gold, now white, and the dark screen of the pines tossing their heads before them. Climbing far up the foothills were the tea gardens, furnishing a product of world-wide interest. The valley here became much wider, and occasionally stretched out for a long distance, all in a high state of cultivation, showing how the Japanese are pressed for land. Of course the characteristic villages were dotting the land here and there. Rice and vegetables seem to be the principal crops. We also passed some large cities on the way, and in one of these I counted twenty factory chimneys — probably the manufacturing centers of silks, cotton, and woolen goods. Frequently, too, we would see some heavily fruited orange trees. The cost of the trip was thirteen yen, or about $6.50 in American money — that is two cents a mile. We had a good car, and almost to ourselves the entire way. We enjoyed a good, family lunch together, for which we made arrangements on the previous day; but we decided to take our dinners in the diner to see how it contrasted with our service in America. It was creditable meal and cost us about seventy-five cents in American money. We had to pass through Kyoto, the old capital of this ancient empire, but as there were only two minutes in which to make connection with our local train, we had no time to see any of the city. The first class cars on our train down from Yokohama to this point, compared very favorably with our American coaches, with the exception that the seats run lengthwise. The dining room, too, was nicely fitted up, and the service good indeed. But the little train to which we now transferred was far from equal to our American trains. We were hustled into a little apartment

with a sheet iron charcoal stove, which was on the floor, and in which the fire very soon went out. This little stove was about one yard long, six inches high, and ten inches wide. The lights were also now extinguished, but as it was one of Japan's beautiful and noted moonlight nights, the car being now darkened, we could enjoy the scenery much better than before. We got another fine view after we left the seashore.

Now we passed farther inland, and behind the mountains which bar the genial influence of the Kuro Sivo, the great Japanese, warm, ocean current, so that the weather became quite wintry. There were no more oranges to view, but instead, snow in many places. When we arrived in Fukuchiyama, it was quite stormy winter weather.

Finally we had reached the station where we were met by the missionaries, much to our own as well as Sister Snider's joy, and though it was midnight when we reached our destination, it was a time of much rejoicing. Our Superintendent, Sister Cora G. Snider, had been long looking forward to our coming with re-enforcements, and so it was especially a time of weeping and rejoicing for her because of the former church and school relations she had had with Brother and Sister Humphrey in California, as well as their mutual interest in the work for which he was now come. The weepings, smilings, rejoicings, and welcomings over, we soon had our baggage loaded, and, getting into the jinrikishas were on our way and finally reached our long desired haven, the mission home, where we were served with delicious refreshments. Then, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, we gathered about the stove, and related some of the many experiences had on the way, also talked with Sister Snider of her work at the mission, and how the Lord had blessed her labors there. Finally, all joining with Brother Humphrey in reading of the Scripture, prayer, and thanksgiving, we then retired for a few hours of much needed rest.

When we awakened Thursday morning, it was snowing quite hard, and evidently had been for sometime, as there was a blanket of six inches in depth over the ground. The sun, though, soon came out from behind the clouds, and made the towns, cities, and fields a scene of beauty. It reminded the writer of the scenes in Vermont where he spent so many years

of his early married life. This first day in our mission home was spent largely in a fellowship meeting. Our Japanese missionary, Brother Nagamatsu, and his wife, came in and enjoyed a good portion of it with us; then, later in the day, this kind brother showed us about the city of Fukuchiyama. This is a place of ten or twelve thousand inhabitants. The picture gives a view of a portion of the city.

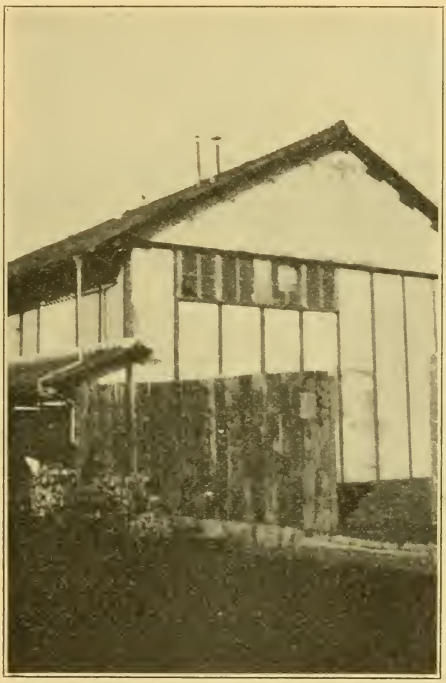
MISSIONARY HOME, FUKUCHIYAMA

The accompanying picture shows the mission home, and grouped in front of it may be seen the missionaries and some of the students. From left to right are, Superintendent Cora G. Snider, Miss Lillian Poole, Mrs. L. H. Humphrey, Brother L. H. Humphrey, successor to Sister Snider in the superintendency, then the writer, in the first row; Miss Lulu Williams, Mrs. Nagamatsu, Rev. I. Nagamatsu, Student Namba-San, and Student Tanaka-San, in the second row.

A view is given of the north end of the home, and the windows showing here are those which furnish light for Sister

Snider's study, and a glimpse of this room with Sister Snider at her desk, is shown in the other picture.

At night all attended services at Mission Hall, receiving a very earnest message full of power from Brother Nagamatsu, and each of us felt the blessing of the Lord.



END VIEW MISSION HOME,
FUKUCHIYAMA

Friday, the second day of our stay at the mission headquarters, the writer was requested to conduct the family prayers and chapel services combined, in connection with our Bible Training School. This school now had but two students, the work being carried on by Sister Snider and Brother Nagamatsu as teachers. This was a delightful hour to all of us —

Brother Nagamatsu interpreting — then, there was singing and prayers by the missionaries, and the altar meeting, when one of the students, Namba-San, who may be seen in the group before the mission house, became wholly sanctified. The little Japanese cook of Sister Snider, who had been converted some months previously, also was sanctified. She is a bright, intelligent, little woman, and since her dedication to the Lord has proved invaluable to Sister Snider in many ways, taking all the responsibility of the domestic duties, marketing, errands, etc., all of which she does very competently and in a most cheer-

MISS SNIDER IN HER OFFICE

ful spirit. She also not infrequently aids Sister Snider by acting as interpreter. Altogether, she is a faithful handmaiden of the Lord, clearly demonstrating her spiritual regeneration through the grace of God, which affects every partaker alike, regardless of race or sex. For with God there is no respect of persons (Romans 2:11).

By reference to the map of the Japanese Empire, it may be readily seen that our mission at Fukuchiyama is very centrally located. This I consider quite Providential, for if we are to accomplish a thorough and lasting work in the Empire, it is most essential that we endeavor to reach the influential

centers of Japan, these being Tokyo and Yokohama in the north, Kumamento and Nagasaka in the south, and Kyoto, Kobe, and Osaka in the central portion. From these important points we should be able to reach out in every direction.

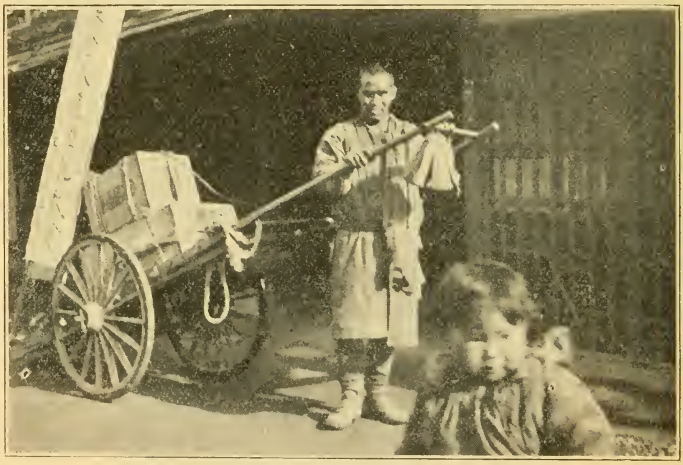
Fukuchiyama is a good location for a strong center, among

MISS SNIDER'S COOK

a large number of surrounding villages, yet it would not be a good center in which to locate permanent headquarters for the whole Empire. While it is a good sized country city, its population does not exceed twelve thousand, and it would not be adapted for headquarters.

While Fukuchiyama has good government schools, a gov-

ernment hospital, with postoffice and telegraph facilities, and two railroads, it is yet not considered an up-to-date banking place, nor place for the purchase of such foodstuffs as the missionary is obliged to have for the first year or two. There being a military camp located here, it is an expensive place in which to live, as much of the food necessary for the foreigner's use must be ordered from Kobe, Osaka, or Yokohama, and to the cost for the product itself must be added the transportation charge, to say nothing of the inconvenience of having to wait a long time for the goods, and the further delay incident to express by human motor power, as nearly all the drayage



EXPRESS DELIVERY, FUKUCHIYAMA

in Japan is carried by human, instead of horse or mechanical power, except in the larger and seaport cities.

The fact that rents are cheap, makes it a favorable place for a good station in which we can build a strong center, and out of which we shall be able to reach many villages. For illustration, by standing on one of the higher points commanding the view, one sees the valley well dotted with many thrifty little villages. By maintaining Sunday schools and

preaching places in these various towns, from out of Fukuchiyama, they will all in their turn become feeders to furnish students for our Bible Training School, as well as members for our church.

We have a good building in Fukuchiyama for our kind of work, located on one of the best paved and most frequented thoroughfares in the city, constructed of the best material, and so arranged on the inside that we can use it for Sunday school, evangelistic, or kindergarten work, and if necessary for school work of various kinds. Should it be deemed advisable, the upper part could be fitted up at a nominal expense, either for Bible students, or for a Japanese worker's family. The rent for this building is only about fourteen yen, or $7.00 American money, a month.

The building proper is about thirty feet square, and the smaller adjoining rooms give us an additional space of twenty-nine feet square. We have one-half of this room seated with benches, a small raised platform, pulpit, and organ. The other half is fitted up as two Sunday school rooms, and for inquirers. When we hold meetings, it is possible to throw these several apartments all into one room, the partitions being only of light wood, covered with paper, this is easily done, thus giving us a capacity for seating about two hundred and fifty persons. The place which is provided with benches has a cement floor, so that persons sitting there do not have to remove their sandals or shoes. There are also raised platforms to the left of the pulpit with braided mats, and, of course, persons occupying these places remove their sandals. This part is not furnished with chairs, so that all have to sit on their feet, after the native Japanese custom. This method of seating makes it possible to provide room for a good many more people than could be done if all were seated on chairs.

The ability to separate the groups easily and quickly in the after-meetings is of considerable advantage to the work (and it must be done separately, if it succeeds at all). The men would take one part of the room, while the women quietly withdrew with Sister Snider to another, for personal conversation and instruction. When the remarks were suited for both men and women, they could all hear them.

GROUP — Right to Left: Dr. Reynolds, Miss Snider, Supt. Humphrey, Mrs. Humphrey, Lulu Williams Lillian Pool, Rev. Nagamatsu, native worker.

THE MISSION HOME

Sister Snider, Brother Humphrey's predecessor in the superintendency in the work here, was wonderfullly successful in obtaining such a good building, so favorably located and well adapted for use as our mission home, at the very nominal monthly rental of fourteen yen, or $7.00 American money.

During our ten days' stay in Fukuchiyama, a series of special meetings were held in our mission hall,

In front of the hall are, standing, Tanaka-San, a Bible colporteur and student; the Rev. Nagamatsu, Miss Lillian Poole, Miss Lulu Williams, Mrs. L. H. Humphrey, Rev. L. H. Humphrey, successor to Sister Cora G. Snider in the superintendency, she being the seventh person in the group, then the writer standing next to her. Mrs. Nagamatsu was not able to be present at the time this picture was taken, and another student, Namba-San, was absent distributing literature advertising the meetings. These handbills announcing the revival meetings had been prepared by Brother Nagamatsu and freely distributed in the city. Occasionally the Bible students went out on the street with drums, and thus interested many, who came for the first time to these Christian gatherings. Many of these also remained for the special instruction after the sermon, and gave clear evidence that the Gospel message they had heard was taking hold upon their hearts, though they said it all seemed very strange to them, as they had never before listened to such teachings. This seems incredible to us who have so long rested in the light and peace, the power and knowledge of our blessed Master. If ever these glad tidings are to be known abroad as here in America, it must be *now,* and through the consecration of men and women to this work we are here undertaking in Japan. We meet some opposition from the local temple priests, who go through the country circulating literature with misstatements that are calculated to keep the Japanese from attending these services. However, by faithfully continuing our labors of love, we are overcoming these difficulties one by one, and winning the confidence of the Japanese, who come in continually increasing numbers, and manifest more and more interest, for which we give praise and thanks to our Heavenly Father. In Fukuchiyama, there are also about fifty priests of the various shrines, who are not a little exercised lest we should gain an influence and win their people from idol worship. These have even gone so far as to take the matter up with the police, trying to enlist their interference. Failing in that, they take up drums and go about with a noise and clamor trying to sow distrust of the missionaries. But God's truth will surely triumph.

During these special services, arrangements were made to

hold two meetings each week-day night, the first beginning at 6:30 p. m. for Japanese children, every service being largely attended by an interested and attentive company of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred, as you may judge from the accompanying picture.

As these meetings progressed the attendance of the children increased, and at times it was with the greatest difficulty we could arrange to accommodae all who desired to be present. Sisters Nagamatsu, Williams, and Poole rendered most excel-

CHILDREN'S MEETING, FUKUCHIYAMA

lent assistance in the songs of these childrens' gatherings. The words printed in large type would be suspended before the blackboard and taught with the melody to these little folks, greatly to their delight. Surprising to relate, they would return next d y with both words and music committed to memory. Brother Nagamatsu also seemed at his very best when preaching or interpreting to a large class of them.

On account of the limitations of our mission hall, as well as the large numbers of adults attending the special services, we were obliged to insist on all the children passing out before

taking up the later session for the older people. This was a very hard task, I assure you, for we had every reason to believe a goodly number of these children were receiving the Light, and some of them without the least shadow of a doubt, were genuinely converted. The children, however, took their turn goodnaturedly, but frequently if the adult congregation was not prompt in arriving they would rush back to their places and remain to the later assembly. This revival was carried on in a manner similar to those held in this country; generally the first half or three-quarters of an hour being devoted to a song and praise service, occasionally interspersed with personal testimonies. Sister Nagamatsu presided at the organ in all these services, and Brother Nagamatsu acted as interpreter whenever Brother Humphrey, Sister Snider, or the writer was speaking or exhorting. Sisters Poole and Williams, having spent some five years in Japan previous to this time, were, of course, able to conduct their meetings independent of an interpreter. All the meetings were well attended, and quite a number remained to the after services — probably from twenty-five to fifty — generally averaging one-third women and two-thirds men. It is so natural for the evangelist in special work to want to tabulate the results of such meetings, and whether it is the best way or not, it has become so customary a practice in America, as well as in foreign lands, it might not be out of place to state that according to the judgment of Sister Snider, Brother Nagamatsu, and others, there were from twenty to twenty-five clear cases of regenerating grace, and perhaps twenty persons gave evidence of being wholly sanctified. Among them we may mention an army officer who was saved, and later in the meeting became wholly sanctified. Another officer who had been converted in a former meeting, also sought and found the blessing of entire sanctification. A leading baker of the city came out very clear in his experience of receiving the second blessing, and was of much service during the meetings in helping others to seek the Lord. One or two merchants were saved, and one or more members of the police force. Quite a number of the women teachers in the public high schools were among the earnest seekers during these meetings, besides many other adults, all of them prominent and influential in

the city, as ex-mayor, judge, etc. It was very encouraging some months later to receive letters from Brother Humphrey and Brother Nagamatsu stating that they thought all who were forward in claiming to have received the grace of the Lord during this service had continued steadfast, and a number of them had been baptized and admitted to fellowship in our church at Fukuchiyama. I am sure that the reader will rejoice to know that the grace of God was with us, and gave us such an interesting and fruitful meeting with adults. I am sure they will also be interested to learn something about our Sunday school work that is being carried on in Fukuchiyama.

We had two Sunday schools, which I visited, both in charge of Brother Nagamatsu, one held in the mission home at 9:00 a. m., numbering a total of seventy boys and girls, divided into four classes, as follows:

Sister Nagamatsu's class of 27 girls, ranging in age from eight to fourteen years.

The class of Tanaka-San consisted of 19 boys and girls, ranging in age from four to eight years.

Brother Nagamatsu's class of 12 boys, from four to twelve years of age.

Brother Namba-San's class of 8, ages ranging from fourteen to fifteen years.

This, as well as all the sessions of the Sunday school, was of great interest. While the writer could not understand the instruction, or the scholars' replies to their teachers, yet he could see by the interest shown that they were very much taken up with the singing and studying of the lesson. When it came to the review, the entire school replied to Brother Nagamatsu's questions very promptly.

The second Sunday school meeting was held at our mission hall at 2:30 p. m., about one hundred and forty scholars being present. This was an exceedingly interesting school, and the facilities with which to conduct it were much more favorable than in the previous school at the mission home.

Sunday, January 18th, was quite stormy, and some four iches of snow fell in the morning. It was specially gratifying to the writer to notice that although the children still wore

wooden sandals, the heavy snowfall did not hinder them from attending Sunday school, for the usual number of boys and girls were out at the home and on time for Sunday school. This was also true of the afternoon Sunday school at Mission Hall, when the streets were full of slush, and in a most disagreeable condition. The snow having ceased and the sun appearing, the weather was much warmer, and the walks were covered with melting snow. Nevertheless, these bright-eyed children were all on time. The total attendance was about two hundred. I feel this is a rebuke to many of our so-called Christians in the homeland, who can not go to church regularly unless everything is very favorable. In addition to the regular church and Sunday school work, Sister Snider conducted a Bible class, and had a very interesting lot of youths in regular attendance. There were soldiers, teachers, and students to whom she teaches English. At the session we were permitted to attend, she gave instructions on the eighth chapter of Matthew, which she presented in an exceedingly instructive and helpful manner, the Japanese giving the closest attention. Sister Snider sought to make the class of special interest, and in addition to the reading and exposition of the Word, dwelt upon some of the doctrines emphasized by the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene.

The writer very much regretted that he had no time to visit the various villages around Fukuchiyama, ten or twelve of which could be seen, ranging from a half to three miles in distance. Our Bible students compass nearly all the villages in about two days, and their reports are very encouraging. In nearly every village they had found those who were interested. Some were quite anxious that our missionaries should come and start Sunday schools as well as day schools; more especially, however, entreating that they might have a school where they could hear the Word of God read and expounded. They also brought us the information that in nearly every village a native house could be rented at about $2.00 per month, which could be used for Sunday school, or preaching, or teaching, or any kind of work the missionary desired. You will at once see the wonderful opportunity that is before us in this country of Japan. By start-

ing ten or twelve more Sunday schools, the missionaries would be able to carry on work in the entire surrounding country. I think a native worker and room for Sunday school could be supported at about $12.00 per month, or $150.00 per annum. Any person feeling led of the Lord to undertake such a work could not only give substantial aid in establishing such a Sunday school, and take care of it for years, but could also make it possible to open up a preaching place where the missionary might go once or twice a week, or as frequently as opportunity offered, and hold a series of evangelistic meet-

FUKUCHIYAMA, JAPAN

ings to spread the Gospel in all the surrounding country. Thus we would secure students for our Bible Training School, and members for our central church work. Which of you feels that the Lord will be pleased to have you undertake such a work? Should there be such an one, let him correspond with the writer for particulars regarding the matter.

Had there been more time, the writer would have been glad to have visited some of the larger and more distant villages and cities, for there were a number of them within a radius of fifteen or twenty miles easily accessible by the rail-

ways above mentioned. If one is willing to travel — as most of the missionaries do and as the writer did — second or third class, you can make these trips at about one cent per mile, or at a total cost of about thirty or forty cents a visit.

As delightful as was the evangelistic work, the Sunday school, and Bible Training class, we were necessarily obliged to spend much time in discussing the problems connected with our new work in Japan. There were questions to be considered demanding not only prayerful but a most thoughtful and painstaking deliberation. Consequently, every day except Sunday found the missionaries with the writer in from one to two of these sessions, the same being always opened by prayer and the reading of the Word of God. It was no ordinary occasion, such as the assembling of recruits, to encourage, re-enforce and stimulate the heart and efforts of our Superintendent, Sister Snider, and Brother and Sister Nagamatsu, neither was it just simply a falling into line and to work under her plans which had been wrought out after much prayer; but because of the enforced furlough she was obliged to take, it meant when she left the field that the new missionaries would have to take up the work where she would lay it down. Sister Snider had not only been devoting all her time and strength to the work she loved so much, and in which God had so marvelously blessed her labors, both in helping her to secure such appropriate buildings for our Mission Hall and home, and winning the confidence of the people, also in the opportunity she enjoyed for teaching, studying and visiting the people in the city and surrounding country and villages, but He had helped her to do this for many months under great physical disadvantages, her health having been most seriously affected by the influence of the sun. God had also been especially good in raising up such a dear friend in Dr. H. W. Swartz, Superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal work in Yokohama, who has for thirty years been their medical missionary in Japan. He is also thoroughly conversant with the Japanese climate and its effect on European and American people. This eminent man was not only able, but willing to render Sister Snider most skillful service, no doubt by the blessing of God, but

he insisted that in order for her to recover her health, also if she were ever to return to Japan and resume her work for the Master, it was imperative that she leave there for a while at least. We therefore found the work devolving upon us was one of grave significance, and we were constantly occupied in assisting her to dispose of matters vital to the adjustment of the work for the new Superintendent, Brother Humphrey, and his missionary associates, also in planning and arranging for her early return home, as well as outlining with our Brother Superintendent the policies to be pursued by them for the advancement of future interests in this great island empire.

Our time being limited, and so filled with these important duties, we did not have much opportunity for social functions, but we would mention one or two enjoyable occasions in which we were permitted to share.

First, there was a very happy afternoon spent in the delightful home of Brother and Sister Nagamatsu, where we were to take our first Japanese meal, or nikunaba. We ate with chopsticks, and had a most delightful time, notwithstanding we had the painful experience of sitting on our feet on the floor while we ate. Through the courtesy of Sister Snider, we also enjoyed a portion of an afternoon, where we were served a most delightful dinner, with Prof. Royal H. Sink, formerly of Lexington, N. C., U. S. A., now in charge of the government chair of English, who makes his headquarters at Fukuchiyama, and who, with our missionaries, comprise the foreign settlement of that city.

It seems desirable that with all of our stations, we should arrange for a mission in some elevated part of the country where we are doing missionary work, which we can use as a health-resort, or retreat, for our missionaries during the hot season. Such an arrangement, we believe, would not only protect their health, but would prolong the period of their usefulness, possibly preventing an early return home. With this thought in view, we took an early train, in company with Brother and Sister Humphrey, and Miss Snider, leaving Fukuchiyama at about 6:30 a. m. and getting off at Sanda, a city of about ten thousand inhabitants, with not a mis-

sion of any kind in it, forty-five miles distant from Fukuchi-yama. From there we went up the mountain to Arima, at an elevation of 4,000 feet, being carried thence by the jinrikishas, and passed through several villages as we made the ascent. Sunday schools could doubtless be started in every one of these villages, and carried on by a mission in Sanda. Much good could also be done by giving tracts and holding street meetings, through the agency of the missionaries going up and down from Arima. It is a most feasible site for a health-resort in the hot season. Indeed, Arima was for a number of years a noted summer resort, though the rich class now go elsewhere.

ARIMA, JAPAN

It costs sixty-five sen, or thirty-three cents to be taken up in a 'rickisha.

Arima, a town of about five thousand people, I should judge, is picturesquely situated on the mountain side.

One sees from this height the many Japanese farm houses below. You will see in the picture of the one given, that it is Monday, and washday, as the clothes and tubs are plainly in view, but the housewife, true to her woman's trait, has made a hasty retreat back of the fence, not wishing to be seen in such unpresentable guise.

The low, moist land of the valley is especially adapted to rice culture. It is one of the principal industries of the valley people. We had a good view of one of their automatic rice mills, run by water power. It is typical of many similar structures in the same region, lining the banks of the rapid little streams racing down the mountain side.

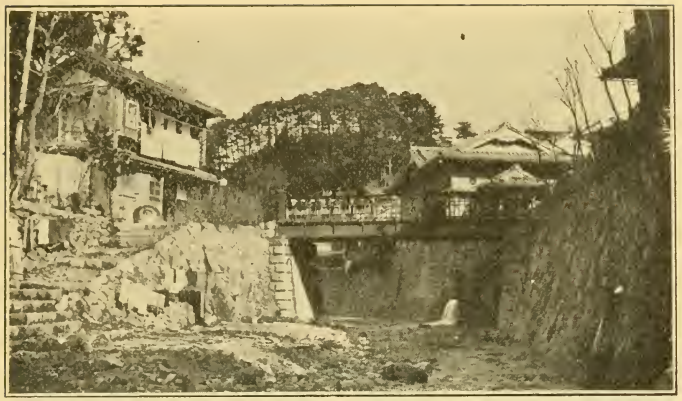
This seemed to be not only a practicable, but a most delightful place for us to establish a mission and health resort at some future time. The beauty and desirability of the city for such a purpose may be judged in a measure by the pictures given.

NATIVE HOME, ARIMA

The rustic bridge is one crossed going from Sanda en route to the town.

The pictures given are of views one enjoys passing over the six-mile trail to Namaze, through a very rugged and beautiful scenery. It reminded me of the Vermont mountains, though of course these in Japan are not so high. The fare from Arima to Namaze is seventy-five sen, or about thirty-eight cents in American money.

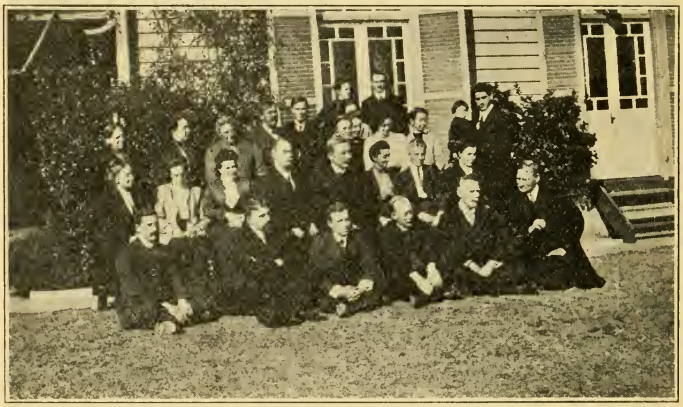
At this station the trainmen showed us great kindness, waiting ten minutes for us to get our tickets and baggage checks, we having been detained on account of the snowfall making the



BRIDGE, ENTERING ARIMA

SCENES EN ROUTE FROM ARIMA TO NAMAZO

mountain road slippery and muddy. We now passed through Kobe, the second largest city in Japan, and arrived at Shioya, where, through the courtesy of Sister Snider, in correspondence, we were invited by Rev. Barkley F. Buxton, chairman and superintendent of the Japanese Evangelistic Band, to attend a four days' Holy Convocation, with free entertainment for our party. We were met at the station by Brother Buxton and a number of other saints, conducted to the Shioya Hotel, and assigned to a pleasant room *with a stove in it.* Supper was served at 6:15. At 7:30 the meeting was opened by Rev. Buxton making a few remarks, followed by singing, reading



HOLINESS CONVENTION AT SHIOYA

of the Word, and prayer. About twenty-six out of the forty missionaries invited were present at this convention, and are seen in the picture given.

This was a Holiness Convention, only such as seemed to be in sympathy with the *second definite work of grace* being invited. Brother Buxton's object was that by bringing us together in the convention, a deeper fellowship and closer unity might result, through the power of prayer and hearing of the Word and guidance of the Spirit, and that we might obtain a greater measure of the Holy Spirit. It was much to our

regret that we were unable to remain for the close of this convocation, enjoying the very generous hospitality of Brother Buxton, as well as the sweet and profitable fellowship of these precious saints, representing the several departments of Christian endeavor to carry forward the Lord's work. At the end of the third day we were compelled, on account of limited time, to bid farewell to this company of delightful workers, and resume our trip. It may be of interest to you to know that the writer was several times invited to share in the public ministry of the Word during the convention.

Our party arrived in Kyoto about 5:00 p. m., where, by thoughtful arrangements of Miss Snider, we were entertained at the parsonage of Brother R. P. Garbold, Superintendent of the Presbyterian missions in Kyoto. Misses Poole and Williams, who met us here, had found good accommodations at one of the Japanese hotels.

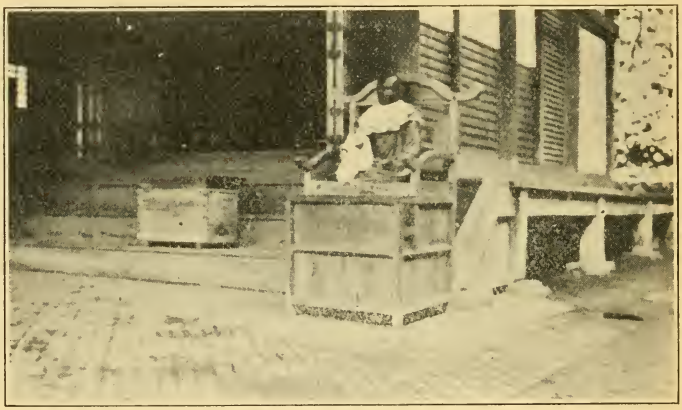
Kyoto is about two hours' ride on the train from Osaka, and three hours from Kobe, which is the second largest city of the Sunrise Kingdom in population, and the seaport for Kyoto. It is also about three and a half hours' ride to Fukuchiyama, our other mission station.

It is an established financial banking center, and is the pivot of all Imperial and great social functions, as well as being the leading and central city for heathen and idolatrous religions and customs.

After being refreshed by the bountiful repast and sweet fellowship of the saints, Brother Garbold kindly showed us about the town, enabling us to visit three of the missions which were holding services. Brother Garbold kindly offered his services again on the second day, but before we were hardly under way he learned of the arrival of the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Zierbogal, who were on their way to Pretoria, South Africa, and were depending upon him to assist them. Upon being informed of the situation, we gladly resigned our privilege to them. However, we were fortunate in having with us Brother Nagamatsu, who had arrived by an earlier train from Fukuchiyama. Sisters Poole and Williams were also in our party, both being familiar with the city, and they severally assumed the role of guide.

Notwithstanding it was raining, we spent the entire day visiting a number of the points of special interest from a missionary viewpoint.

The great need for a holiness work made manifest. Among other important places visited during the day was the Japanese temple, reputed to have cost thirty million yen, or about fifteen million dollars in American money. There are ninety-six pillars in this temple, each made from a trunk of a single giant tree, each pillar measuring twenty-four feet in length by three feet in diameter. These huge pillars were cut out on the distant mountains, and because there was no



HEALTH GOD, KYOTO

material strong enough out of which to manufacture ropes for conveying them from thence and hoisting them into place in the temple, the priests requested all the Japanese women under thirty years of age to cut off their hair for that purpose. There, heaped in thirty-two great piles, are the coils of rope, each two hundred and twenty-eight feet in length, and more than three inches in diameter, the strands of hair as black as they were the day they were shorn from the heads of the Japanese maidens.

Another impressive fact is, that the people not only gave

the thirty million yen to build this great temple, but they have given proportionately for its maintenance and upkeep ever since. The inference is inevitable that with all their devoutness and civic pride, when once the Japanese are converted to Christianity they will, of their own accord, contribute to the Gospel missions and churches, and be entirely self-supporting. There are probably more than twenty such temples in this one city alone.

In the accompanying picture may be seen the stone image of the *God of Health,* sitting in a great chair. There are also numerous idols in connection with many other temples, as noted as this one, with gods multiplied by the thousand, and devotees thousands times thousands come from the city and surrounding country districts to prostrate themselves and worship and pray to same. In the homage paid to this *God of Health,* it is customary for them to touch that part of it which corresponds to their own afflicted member. If a foot be affected, then it is the foot of the god they rub. If a shoulder, it is his shoulder they touch. The number of worshipers may be judged by the fact that so many hands have touched the feet and shoulders of the god there is scarcely a trace of these remaining. So nearly have they been worn away by the constant rubbing, that new gods will have to be made or purchased to replace the worn-out idols. It does not require much exercise of the imagination for the reader to realize the number of people who have bowed down to an image of stone, which seeth not, neither heareth prayer nor hath power to bless.

Looking at the picture again and through the doorway of the temple one sees a box — there are many such — varying from three to ten feet in length by three feet in height and two and a half feet in width, placed on the second step, where the doors have been folded back, as it were. If you could enter into the temple, as did the writer, you would see yet other similar boxes, probably a little larger and somewhat beyond each other in the series and nearer the idol. You will ask "why so many boxes?" We answer, they are solely for the purpose of receiving the offerings. The boxes are of very strong construction, the tops made of slats and so adjusted that any two slats meeting form an angle leaving a space about two inches wide. As said

before, these are for the gifts of money. The idea is that so many people come to pay tribute to this god, they can not all approach the treasure box inside the temple, and so pressing up the steps to the second box they cast their tribute into the slats which let it slide into the receptacle below. When this space fills with worshipers, the later comers cast their gifts in the same manner into the outer boxes. Still on the human tide flows, growing more and more dense. Now look again, and note the windows on three sides and to the left of the folding doors. Behind these is a little room where the priests sit and watch the gifts as they are deposited by the people. As many

GOD OF CHILDREN, KYOTO

as *ten or twelve thousand people* worship every hour, and sometimes they keep up this work for eight or ten hours, and, on holidays, until ten or eleven at night. One can easily estimate the millions who bow down to this one idol alone. The writer, after this visit, could but meditate upon the devoutness and liberality of the Japanese in supporting these gods of stone. If they could give so generously to a god which neither seeth nor heareth them, and who can give them nothing at all in return, how much more ought we in Christian lands — blessed of a true and living God — how much more ought we to give! Is it not to our reproach that we are so often lacking in liberality or a

benevolent spirit, when we have a just and merciful Father who heareth and answereth our prayers? In the picture, one also notes an image of this idol, which is but one of countless others like it, and all of which are hewn out of stone.

In an accompanying picture we have other idols called the *Gods of Children*. The writer did not have time to go into this part of the great temple, but feels it is no exaggeration to state there are thousands of these images, all of different sizes and all carved from stone. Many of these you will note seem to be very lightly colored. This is caused by the fact that at some time a worshiper desiring to pay special tribute has woven a garment to cover its shoulders, this being their sacrifice when they come to worship it. You will also note that there are several boxes in front of this court where are set up these images. These also are receptacles for the gifts. Countless multitudes come here to worship these gods — not to confess their sins and pray for forgiveness, nor to pray for health, but perhaps it is to ask a blessing for their children; that they may be healed if ailing, or if a bone is broken that it may be made strong again. Possibly they pray that their children may be useful, or others, again, pray that they may be blessed with children. Whatever the object or purpose they may have in view, they come to the temple in endless procession, when the hours of service are tolled, for they are called to worship by the sound of great drums which you see suspended on pedestals. The priests tending the temple begin to beat these drums as early as three o'clock in the morning. The sound is very heavy and carries a long way. The object is to waken the gods so they will hear the prayers. Immediately when the people hear these drums beating, they begin to assemble. The heathen manner of worship is to approach as near the god as they can, then to cast their gifts before it, and, prostrating themselves, pray in a loud voice in order that it shall not fail to hear them.

OUR FIRST MISSIONARY WORK IN JAPAN

The missionary work in Japan conducted by the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene was begun in Kyoto, late in the year 1907, with our first Sunday school December 15th.

Rev. J. A. Chenault and wife, Rev. J. W. Thompson, wife and two daughters, and the Misses Lillian Poole and Lulu Williams, began our mission at that time.

Our Japanese mission work was re-opened in this city by Brother L. H. Humphrey and wife, with Sisters Poole and Williams as associates, in March, 1914. It will doubtless become headquarters for our work in that country, if the recommendations to the General Board are indorsed by them later on. I do not see how we can be more centrally located, as you will readily see by reference to the map of the Empire, this city is practically the center.

Our retiring Superintendent, Sister Cora G. Snider, was of the opinion that this ancient capital would make an excellent headquarters for us when we were financially and numerically able to reopen the work there. The writer, having made a survey of six of the largest cities in Japan, comparing them with Kyoto, was favorably impressed with its superiority as a location for mission headquarters. It being more modernized than most other large cities and also having better sanitary provisions, it seemed the more desirable location for such purpose.

Kyoto ranks the third city in this country as to population, having between a third and a half million inhabitants. Three hours' ride on the train carries one to or from the seaport, Kobe, probably the most important of any, both as to export and import tonnage, matters of much moment should we finally decide to make it our future base of operations.

Its strategic importance. But wherever the Lord may lead us to do future service in the island kingdom, Kyoto would be an accessible point from which our Superintendent could supervise the Master's work, and should He prosper us in our Bible Training School there, this town would be in easy command of the entire empire. There are also numerous other advantages to be derived from this central situation.

OUR MISSION BUILDING

Kyoto having been reopened since the writer left Japan, he thinks he can best serve you in his statement on this phase

of our work by quoting from Superintendent Humphrey's description.

Location. "This morning we finished the matter of renting suitable rooms, and secured fine quarters on East Gojo (5th street) S. W., east side of the city. It is out of the "red-light-district," on a good, business street, and is an excellent building for our work, having good rooms both up and down stairs. With a comparatively small outlay, it can be put into condition for immediate use. The rent is twenty-four yen, or $12.00, per month. The upper floor of the building will make an ideal place for our Bible School, which I do so much want to get going by the beginning of the next year, or January, 1915. The floors are of strong plank. The upper part is so nice we shall not need to cover it, unless we wish to do so. There is room to handle at least two hundred persons, on either floor." Brother Humphrey adds, "I am sure the Lord is pleased with our doings in the matter. We have made a deposit of fifty yen, or $25.00, as security money, which will be returned when we give the premises up in good shape. This is a district recognized as belonging to the Nazarene work."

THE MISSIONARY HOME

Brother Humphrey, writing about their living quarters, states:

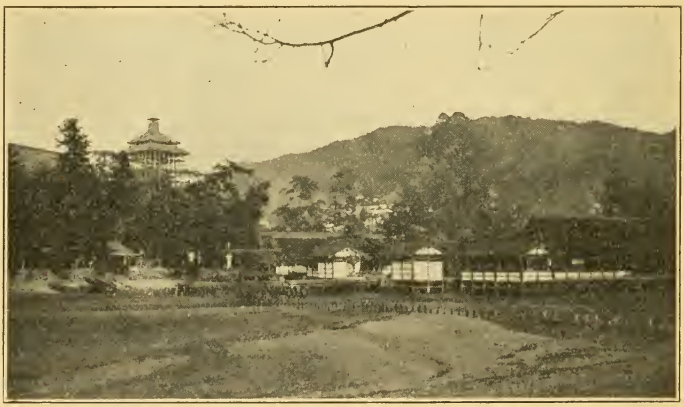
"We have moved into the home of Brother Davis — a Methodist Missionary, whose family is in America, and being alone, he invited us to take charge and allow him to board with us. In this way, he has a home and we have a great blessing, as the house is large, well furnished, and very pleasant; besides there is sufficient room to accommodate our associate missionary workers, — Sisters Williams and Poole, so we are all very happy."

OUR JOURNEY RESUMED

We had now to bid farewell to Sisters Snider, Poole, Williams, and Humphrey. Brothers Humphrey and Nagamatsu were to accompany the writer on the trip to Kushu. Kushu is the southernmost island of the Japanese empire, where there are much people, and where very little evangelization has

ever been undertaken. This island is also noted for the superiority of its men, not only for their character, prominence, and influence in public departments of the general government, but many of the leading commercial, military, and educational leaders are furnished by the four provinces of this island — men distinguished in culture, military achievement and financial success.

Brother Nagamatsu, having been reared in Kushu, and being entirely familiar with its routes of travel, etc., we felt greatly blessed in having him as guide. We leaned very heavily on him in this portion of our trip, and he cheerfully assumed the burden of it, arranging for our tickets — second-class passage



PAGODA AND TEMPLE, MIYAJIMA ISLAND

— on the Kyoto express, which we boarded at 4:50 a. m., and were soon outside the city. We passed on to Kobe, and Osaka, two of the largest towns and cities lying along the inland sea. Occasionally we traveled quite a distance into the interior; then again we would be in sight of the ocean, always, though, there were either the mountains or sea in view, and many villages dotting the valleys, where one had glimpses of the rice, wheat and vegetable farms in fine shape. Once in awhile we would catch sight of an orange grove.

We stopped for the night on the island of Miyajima, at a hotel recommended by Brother Garbold, as having accommodations for foreigners. According to tradition, Miyajima (signifying temple island) has for more than eighteen centuries been regarded as a sacred place, as its name implies; and it is strictly guarded. No deaths or births are allowed to occur here. When such an incident is imminent, the mother, or the body, as the case may be, are at once carried over the bay, in order to avoid the ceremonial impurity. The reader may be interested in the pictures accompanying this reference, one showing the temple, or pagoda, and the distant mountain scene.

TEMPLE SCENE ON MIYAJIMA ISLAND

We were up early the next morning after our arrival, having enjoyed a brief rest. The air was clear, crisp and cold. Entering a launch, we were carried across the beautiful channel, and landing, were soon comfortable in our coach. As the day sped by, we passed hundreds of villages and prosperous cities, finally changing cars at Shimonoseki, the junction for connection to Korea, effecting the transfer to Moji by ferry. Thence onward to the south; for it is at this point one enters the great Kushu country. During the day we passed the immense iron

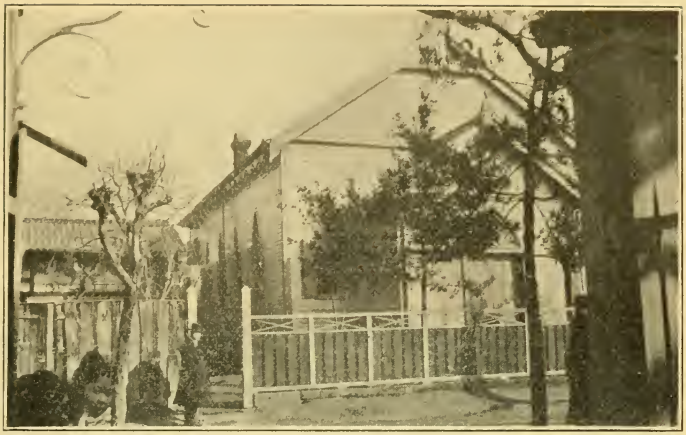
and steel plant of the government, one of the many places among a thousand others of great interest. About midnight we reached Kumamento, the seat of one of the government universities, at which Brother Nagamatsu graduated. He was at home here, and took us to a Japanese hotel that makes a specialty of entertaining foreigners. That is, they will furnish you with table, and chairs to sit on while you eat; but your bed is on the floor, as is also the braided mat on which you must sit after your meal is finished. You are also furnished with a *hiboshi*, a sort of clay or earthenware jar, with a charcoal fire to warm your hands. But you have to sit on your feet to keep them warm,

JAPANESE HOTEL, KUMAMENTO

unless your *hiboshi* is extra large, and gives out a surplus of heat to warm the room.

It being quite late when we arrived, after a cup of coffee and a hot bath, we retired with the assurance that if we fell out of bed we would not have very far to fall.

We were up early — I say *we* for each of us had a bed in the same room. Though we had two rooms, we kept the other for a dining-room. Perhaps, the reader may mentally accuse us of putting on style, but not so, I beg of you; for the style was a necessity. We had to go downstairs and out of doors across



NATIVE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, KUMAMENTO

LEPER HOSPITAL, KUMAMENTO

a court to the public washroom, where we soon completed our toilet — all except our shoes, which we were not permitted to wear indoors, but must carry outside with us, before we could put them on. They were very thoughtful, though, in furnishing one with slippers having no heels, which we now wore. Having finished with breakfast, which was prepared American style, we now started on our tour of investigation, first visiting the churches of the Methodists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and Lutherans, each of which were modest frame buildings.

We give a view of the Methodist Episcopal church and par-

HOME OF HIROSHI, KUMAMENTO

sonage, built and supported by the Japanese. The ministerial duties are discharged by a Japanese pastor.

Among the many places of interest we visited the lepers' hospital, where they had thirty patients. We were also advised that there is another lepers' hospital in this city, where there are sixty inmates. This is a village of cottages, more of a family affair, which enables them to grade the cases, and put each class by themselves.

The accompanying picture shows the home of a brother of Hiroshi Kitagawa, the place where, early in 1912, Sister Staples held the first missionary meeting on this island

for the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene. Mr. Hiroshi is a carpenter, and lives in the rear of the building, running a store in the front portion. This place, of course, is of special interest to all Pentecostal believers, for the reason above stated. It was here that Hiroshi's brother was converted. Hiroshi himself has spent several years in the United States of America, graduating at the Pasadena University. He has now returned with Brother and Sister Staples, to Kumamento, where they are all engaged in missionary work for the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, making this city the central station, and working from there to the other places in southern Japan. Kumamento is the central and leading city of the island; and is also a very needy field, for at least one-third of the city has never been evangelized at all, and they have no church or mission of any kind.

Monday, January 6th, found us again leaving Kumamento, on the 4:00 o'clock morning train, en route for Kogashima and Sakurajima — the latter island being known as the "Island of Cherries." The railway carried us through many villages and cities, and over high grades, until finally, at about 10:00 a. m., we arrived at Kogashima, the second largest city on the island of Kushu, with a population of twenty-five thousand, and probably a hundred miles south of Kumamento.

As our time was very limited, we were unable to visit the missions and churches, but learned of some work being carried on in this needy field. We became convinced that this city might be made one of our leading outposts for the extension of the cause in southern Japan, if a strong central station is established at Kumamento. Having made a hasty survey of Kogashima, our party gave attention to the volcano on the island of Sakurajima, recently very active. We saw the great havoc wrought, and its special destructiveness of walls, brick, stone, and cement houses, these having suffered by the violent concussion at the eruption, January 16th, and the day following. As we witnessed the ruin on all sides, we had an increased desire to get in closer range and make a study of the mighty crater, still belching forth its poisonous vapors, and seathing smoke and lava.

The accompanying picture will give the reader some conception of the scene.

So absorbed had we become, we had taken no thought of ourselves, nor had we partaken of food since a light and early breakfast. We now took a rowboat to bring us from Sakurajima, the Island of Cherries, as it used to be called, but now rather named the Island of Volcanoes, to Kogashima, hurried into our coach, leaving on the northbound train for Nagasaki.

Sakurajima is only one of the many islands of southern Japan, which because of the volcanic tendencies, are sparsely

VOLCANO, ISLAND OF SAKURAJIMA

inhabited, and a missionary movement would not seek to establish a permanent work, but rather only such local effort as would be in connection with a central organization at Kogashima on the mainland. Brother Humphrey was very favorably impressed with Kuchu Island as a field for our future undertakings. On account of the great number of fugitives from the volcano-stricken districts, the coach was much crowded, and we were unable to find a sleeper. Brothers Humphrey and Nagamatsu, however, more fortunate than the writer, found places large enough to lie down. This was impossible for ourselves, being wedged into a seat with others, and we had to sit up all night; but we made a companion of our typewriter

"Corona" and dispatched some of our long-neglected correspondence. It was quite a trial to ride all night in a car where nearly all were smoking, and where they wanted all the doors and windows closed; but the dear Lord who gives us ever of His abundant sustaining grace, did not forget His children on this occasion. Hallelujah to His name!

Tuesday morning, January 27th, we arrived at Toso Junction, where we were to make connection for Nagasaki. It was at this junction that we took farewell of Brother Nagamatsu, who desired to visit his aged mother living with a son in a nearby town. We are certainly greatly indebted to our good Brother Nagamatsu. He is not only a Christian gentleman, a man of vision, culture, and power for good, but he was so thoughtful and efficient in his services as guide, interpreter, and friend, as well during our trip at Kuchu, as all through our stay in Japan. We are looking for great things from him in the work of the Master for Japan, both from his consecrated spirit and his touch and acquaintance with his fellow college graduates, who are now in many instances men of great prominence and influence in the public affairs of the government. One, a member of the Japanese Parliament, though not a professed Christian, is inclined to favor its work, and is a warm personal friend of Brother Nagamatsu. As we thanked him and said good-by, we breathed a prayer to God to bless and keep him and make him indeed a great power for the salvation of his countrymen.

Brother Humphrey accompanied us to Nagasaki, where we arrived about noon. We were embarrassed for a little while, not being able to speak the language, but finally found a railway employee at the station who knew English, and through him we secured guides that conducted us to the Paris Hotel, which has accommodations for foreigners, and where, contrary to Japanese custom, one is allowed to wear shoes — a most fortunate occurrence for us, I assure you.

Soon after arriving at this southernmost and very important seaport of Japan, we learned that the *Prince Ludwig*, of the North German Lloyd Steamship Company, on which we had arranged for passage to Shanghai, China, would sail fourteen hours ahead of schedule time. This arrangement greatly in-

convenienced both the writer and Brother Humphrey, for we had planned that these last hours should be spent in a final conference and detailed consideration of the great task now devolving upon our brother Superintendent. But, by the grace of God, which never faileth, we were able, even with the limited time at our disposal, to obtain a very fair idea of the nature of these undertakings, and acquaint ourselves with the city and its needs, as well as to inform ourselves of the work which is now being conducted. Although our limitations did not permit us to visit the churches and missions, and study the situation by personal observation, yet we had been blessed in having met so many representatives assembled at the Holy Convocation, at Shoiya, and thus it was the data accumulated in that session of saints now proved very helpful indeed. It will also be invaluable to Brother Humphrey, who is now Superintendent of our work in Japan, and entrusted with all the missinary interests, Miss Snider having already turned over all pertaining to the work of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene in Japan.

Returning to our room, we hastily reviewed our past and prospective work in that field, then, after a season of prayer and reading of the Word, we finally said good-by to Brother Humphrey and went aboard ship. He was to return next morning to Fukuchiyama, being rejoined at Toso Junction by Brother Nagamatsu.

The entire twenty-six days spent in Japan in behalf of our missions, while days of most strenuous effort, had been blessed days, full of interest and profit, and the writer believes his experiences will not only be beneficial to the work and workers over there, but will knit the souls of our people here in the homeland into closer bonds with the absent brother and his faithful colleagues, as well as kindle the fires to a yet more zealous, loving effort for God, and truth and right, the glory of the Master, and the salvation of millions of unhappy people. He trusts it will imbue them with a more benevolent spirit, as well as encourage them to a larger support.

We pray that the Lord will help us in planning an aggressive, as well as successful strengthening and enlarging of the operations there, until the millions who are now in darkness shall have received the Gospel in all its fulness.

Part II

China

You were last with me when I said good-bye to Brother Missionary Superintendent Humphrey in Southern Japan, as I embarked on the steamship *Prince Ludwig,* enroute for Shanghai, China, at 9:30 p. m., January 29th.

The stateroom to which I had been assigned, No. 283, was on the outside deck, and had four berths, but I was the sole occupant, and it was very pleasant, being immaculately clean, the linen white and pure, everything smelling so sweet, and altogether in such sharp contrast with the recent experience across the Pacific. As I passed to my cabin, I had ascertained that some mail could be dispatched by a last launch, thus I was busy for more than an hour writing a number of short letters; then, not having been in bed since Sunday night, also up again at 3:00 Monday morning, I was so oppressed with weariness, I retired, and was soon sleeping soundly, not even being aware when our boat weighed anchor at 10:45 p. m.

Wednesday, January 30th, I spent most of the day in my room in an endeavor to catch up with much neglected correspondence, and daily memoranda, which, on account of rapid and continuous travel and other demands, had, up to now, been sadly neglected.

As we approached Shanghai, I was much impressed by the absence of the mountain scenery of Japan, and the wide monotonous expanse of the Chinese flats, now stretching away before us as far as the eye could compass. The distance from Nagasaki, in Southern Japan, to Shanghai, across the Yellow Sea, is 1,050 miles; and we had covered it in twenty-eight hours, arriving at the mouth of Yellow River (Hwang Ho) at 2:00 a. m. Thursday. Here we were detained several hours, waiting for flood-tide to enable us to proceed 130 miles up stream, to the quays of Shanghai. On reaching them at 1:00 p. m., we could not dock because

of the numerous ocean craft ahead of us, so cast anchor in mid-stream and were taken ashore by one of the company's launches. To our surprise and delight, we were met by Brother Missionary Keihn, who, with his wife, son Arnold, and Miss Glennie J. Sims, had preceded us the month before. He at once took the writer and his baggage in charge and saved him much embarrassment — for one soon loses the feeling that he is a private American citizen as he lands and is literally besieged with Chinese — laborers, jinrikisha men, burden-bearers, and various others, all wanting a tip — so he tipped the coolies; then his several years' experience in the country enabling him to make arrangements with a reliable porter to take charge of our heavier luggage, with the lighter articles in hand, we took our places in jinrikisha. There were all manner of conveyances, wheelbarrows, cabs, motor buses, and electric cars. Scarcely had we started, however, when we heard approaching behind us a mad, impetuous scuffling of feet, and such a babel of tongues as never before heard. Further progress was arrested until Brother Keihn ascertained that the trouble was over some counterfeit money he had innocently given the porter, having himself received it but a moment before as change from one of the coolies. So he gave the man another piece of money, and we resumed our way. After a brief but most interesting ride, we reached the missionary's hotel, the temporary home of Brother Keihn, run by a Mr. Edward Evans in behalf of the missionaries and foreigners. It is especially adapted for the use of missionaries, grace being said at meals, and Bible reading and prayer conducted night and morning. Brother Keihn and I spent the remainder of the day making purchases at the bookstores of guides, maps, etc., visiting furnishing stores to order some lighter clothing suitable for our trip to India, that same might be in readiness on our return from the interior, arranging our passage with the officials of the German Lloyd vessels, visiting the American Consul General's office, to have our passport signed, and securing a special passport for our trip into Shantung province, the same being urgent because of disturbed conditions due to recent bandit raids. On the whole, we were able to transact quite a little business through the courteous kindness of Brother Keihn, he having become familiar with ways and means during his

five years' residence in China. That evening we were closeted with him in our room at the hotel, planning our trip into the interior. As we could not take much baggage with us, we repacked our trunks, and having completed our arrangements for leaving the city next day, made a brief call at the mission conducted by Miss F. M. Smith, founder and superintendent of a mission for Japanese in Shanghai, whom we had met at the holiness convocation in Shioya, Japan, as we wanted to learn something of her interesting work. However, she had not returned, so we decided to make her mission a visit as we came back to Shanghai.

We were to travel second class from Shanghai to Tsinanfu, a distance of about 700 miles, so Brother Keihn suggested we had better enter our compartment early in order to secure our seats, inasmuch as it was a night train, and usually densely crowded. At the station, we found the faithful porter had arrived with our baggage. Tickets purchased, and coolies tipped, we at once proceeded to select our seats. One is at liberty to have his preference, if there is such a thing as choice in traveling second class. However, in this instance we could and did secure reasonably good seats in a coach which had formerly been used in first class service, where, owing to the habit of frequent tea drinking, the benches face each other with a table between. So we took our places at one of these, and found by stretching ourselves under the table we could snatch some sleep, which we gladly did, spreading our blankets and steamer rugs, and thus secured several hours' rest. Brother Keihn, one other white man, and the writer composed the foreign passengers on the train, which was well filled. Tea drinking and smoking began at once with the Chinese, also the hot-towel face bath, which continued until after midnight. This is a favorite practice with them; and while it may be very refreshing, to the foreigner with his dread of contracting contagious diseases as leprosy, smallpox, etc., through using the same towel previously employed by twenty or more persons without change, it is anything but an attractive process.

We arrived at Nanking, a city having a population of something more than 300,000, and among other interesting features many schools, both foreign, native, and missionary. Here

we made connection with the Tsinanfu-Pukow Railway, which joins Pukow with Peking, the capital of China. Nanking was the ancient capital of China, and while waiting for our train to leave we were permitted to take in some portions of this railway terminal. The writer thought he was already familiar with scenes of poverty and its indications in other lands, but since the picture of the abject misery in this place, there seems never before any destitution to have come to his notice. Language fails to describe the wretchedness or suffering of the wasted forms wrapped in their so-called clothing, and the pallid, withered faces of these mendicants.

CHINESE GRAVES

When we finally began our way, we passed through wide, level valleys, then perhaps we would come in sight of distant mountain ranges, or ascending some minor chains, the land would stretch away in great rolling plains much like those of the Southern and Western states of America, then again the mountains. In some sections through which we passed, there was a nearly continuous belt of villages, containing from twenty-five to five hundred houses, and possibly from one to four families in each. Most of the highlands were sown in wheat.

One particular feature, which impressed us on this part of the journey, was the extensive tracts used for graveyards, some of the largest ones having been used for that purpose hundreds of years, and the larger they were the relatively greater honor conferred on the people whose remains were deposited there. These earth mounds were from two to fifteen feet in height, and in some sections on our route, occupied so much space, there was little land left for farming purposes

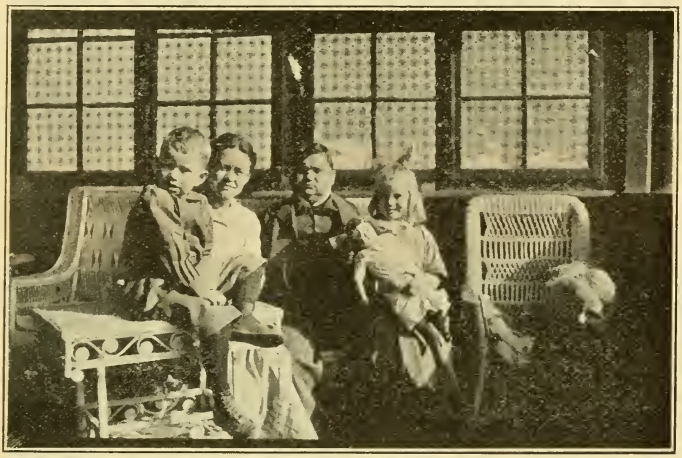
I inquired of my companion, Brother Keihn, if the small mounds of earth represented the plot where children were buried; but he told me that babies were never given burial — their little bodies being cast outside the walls of the city for the dogs to devour, or in villages to some place in the back, where the wild beasts and dogs disposed of them. We learned also of another very cruel practice, that of indifference to suffering. A man or woman may be writhing in the awful throes of death, yet no one of the passing throngs will approach to bathe his brow, moisten his parched lips, or chafe his aching limbs, and there the pitiful sufferer may languish several days with no human ministration to alleviate his pain. It was explained to us, however, that on account of a custom they have, a stranger dares not touch or meddle with the sufferer in any way, since a lawsuit for damages might be prosecuted by the relatives of the afflicted person. Listening to these explanations, the writer is led to ask, *"Is the missionary needed in China?"*

The houses of this section are constructed of strong, tall reeds, cemented over with a plaster of straw and mud, possibly a little lime mixed in to make it more adhesive, the roofs being thatched with straw or long grasses. Wind, water, water-oxen, cows, donkeys and mules, together with human horses (man) seem to be the motor power for this part of China. Being much exhausted from continuous travel, the writer sought to rest a little en route. While second class passengers can not secure sleeper privileges on these trains, they are allowed to eat in the dining car; but the first-class passengers are given preference in way of time. We secured a very good breakfast for 75 cents, lunch for $1.25, and dinner for $1.50 in Chinese money, the equivalent of about half that amount in our own money, that is, the same accommodations in China cost pretty much the same

price as here in America for the same class, or as in European countries.

Our coach being lighted with poor lamps was not at all conducive to reading, and being excessively weary we tried to get a little rest. The night, too, was very cold, and our apartment poorly heated, yet we did the best we could to keep warm by wrapping up in blankets and rugs, though we got but little rest during the long, drawn-out hours. At last, early Sabbath morning, we arrived at Tsinanfu, and were agreeably surprised to be met at the station by Sisters Keihn and Sims, and Master Arnold Keihn. Brother Keihn having spent several weeks at different times in this city, was quite at ease, and took charge of all our baggage, making arrangements so that we were all soon comfortably seated in 'rikishas. After a ride of several miles in the crisp, cold air, we were glad to arrive at the home of Brother and Sister Paul Geisler, who, having spent a number of years in active missionary work, were in full sympathy with the missionaries now in the field, and being large-hearted, they made arrangements not only for the entertainment of Brother and Sister Keihn, but for their friends during their sojourn in the city. We were shortly shown to a room, cozily heated by a coal fire, with arrangements for bathing, etc., and through the thoughtfulness of our hostess, we were not summoned to breakfast for several hours, being permitted to snatch a little of the much needed rest. When we were called we met the members of the family, Brother and Sister Geisler, their son Jesse, aged five, and daughter Lydia, aged six, and our missionary Miss Glennie Sims. After a bountiful repast and genial conversation, we had the privilege of conducting family worship, which was indeed a time of refreshing to our souls. As the hour was somewhat late, the family did not attend the religious services during the early part of the day, but Brother Geisler very kindly arranged for the writer and Brother Keihn to be taken over to the Soldiers Institute, owned by the Baptist Missionary Board, but supported by individual funds from the outside. It is a fine place, but not many of the soldiers were in attendance. The Rev. Mr. Hammond in charge said that the founders and supporters were somewhat disappointed in that the soldiers as a rule do not take to the enterprise. After a re-

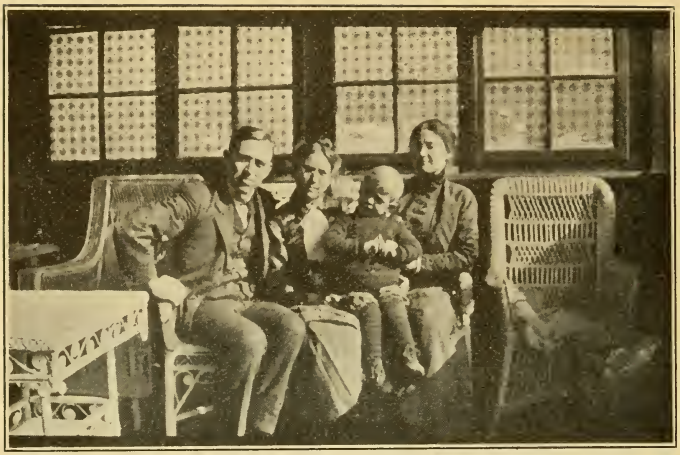
freshing dinner, our party, Brother and Sister Keihn, Brother and Sister Geisler, Master Arnold Keihn, Miss Sims, and the writer, were taken to the Baptist settlement, composed of English Baptists. This service was in the Baptist Chapel, about forty persons being in attendance, the same being known as the meeting for people of the foreign settlement. Rev. Whiteright preached the discourse of the evening, a very helpful message indeed. We returned home through the suburban part of the city, where we saw many beggars, and throngs of people in all manner of costumes. The latter part of our return trip lay



GEISLER FAMILY

through the German foreign settlement. We spent the evening in singing familiar songs, Bible reading and prayers. Above is a picture of Brother Geisler and his family.

It might be of interest to the reader at this point to know why Miss Sims had remained so long at Tsinanfu, in the home Brother and Sister Geisler, and we might explain that upon her arrival she found them very anxious to secure an English and music teacher for their children — and she having had experience both in music and in the schoolroom, was well equipped to meet their requirements, providing suitable arrangements could



OUR MISSION PARTY IN GEISLER HOME

GEISLER HOME AND CHILDREN

BROTHER GEISLER AND FAMILY WITH MISSIONARY PARTY IN EXPORT COMPOUND, TSINANFU

GEISLER'S PEANUT INDUSTRY

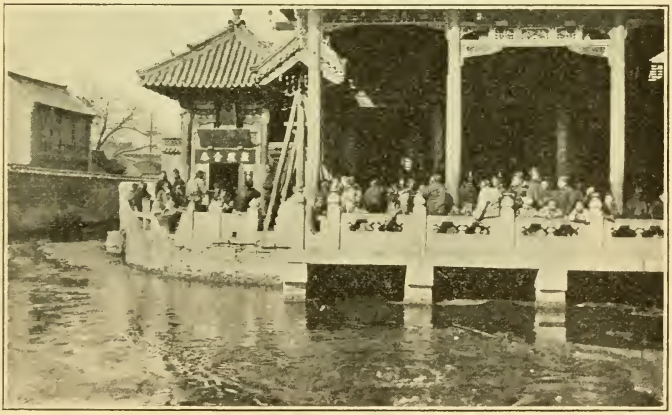
be made. So it was agreed that if she would instruct the children, her home would be provided for with them, also a competent master in the Chinese language employed for her by Brother Geisler; and this arrangement was tentatively entered into. Brother Geisler, we wish to state, at a former time was engaged in missionary enterprises; but becoming discouraged had abandoned the work to others, and had then entered in business in China. In this he was greatly prospered. His was a large importing and exporting undertaking, one of its branches being the peanut trade, in which department he employed a large corps of Chinese men, and more than a thousand women; frequently shipping as high as thirty carloads daily.

When at length the time came for Sister Sims to go into the interior, her friends greatly regretted the separation from her, yet they were glad to have her obedient unto the Lord, for during her stay He had greatly blessed them, and a mission had been opened in connection with Brother Geisler's business, and was bearing much fruit, the same having been conducted by her, with Sister Geisler's help.

Monday morning we were favored with a glorious sunrise and bright atmosphere. Through the courtesy of Brother Geisler, we inspected the Whiteright Museum and Institute, receiving the most cordial attention from the founder and his wife. This is an educational institute, and has for its object the spreading of the Gospel. We were informed that not less than 300,000 Chinese had visited this institute during the last year, and that of these over 30,000 were pilgrims either on the way to or returning from pilgrimages of worship at the shrine of some distant temple. The missionaries and preachers in this institute, hope by the educational process to reach and interest many of the influential Chinese, and indirectly to awaken an appreciation of the Gospel message, and its resultant effects in elevating, enriching, and advancing civilization, as well as the saving of its people.

From here we were taken to Lotus Lake, a very popular summer resort for the people of Tsinanfu. In the warm season, this retreat is noted both for its beauty and the abundance of its lotus blossoms. It is a rest resort of the better class business men, who are drawn thither by the little house-

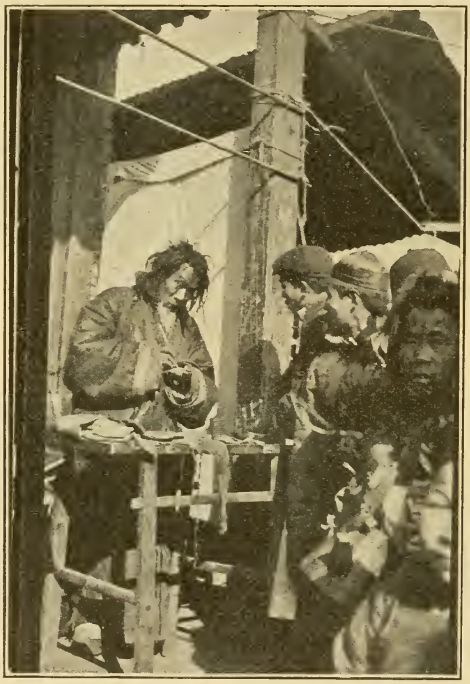
FISHING FOR LILY ROOTS IN LOTUS LAKE



SACRED SPRINGS, TSINANFU

boats which are lighted at night by myriads of Chinese lanterns. This lake is almost surrounded by temples and their grounds, very attractive and interesting as types of Oriental architecture.

The accompanying picture shows them fishing in "Lotus Lake" for lily roots, a much prized table delicacy.



FORTUNE TELLER IN STREETS OF TSINANFU

From this lake, we were escorted to what is known as the Five Sacred Springs in the business heart of the Chinese city. Here we saw many thousands worshiping these springs.

But one thing filled us with astonishment — these people, though congregated ostensibly for the holy rites of worship, also

found the occasion convenient for pursuit of questionable pleasures, gambling, dancing, opium smoking, etc. You see, therefore, one is not at much loss to conjecture either as to how superficial or beneficial the worshipful practice is to them. A little further along the crowd had grown dense and excited, and being somewhat curious, we pressed forward to ascertain the cause of it all. What was our surprise, to be ushered into the presence of an aged fortune teller whose predictions were literally holding the people spellbound. The people of China are much like our own. They differ from our people in this, that while in this country, religious practice is disassociated from

CHINESE WOMEN WASHING, TSINANFU

abandonment to questionable amusements, the Chinese use the convenience of the assembly for religious devotions to indulge the pleasure instinct.

Well, we have now passed along a little further, when we come to a waterway, and find a large number of women around the public washing pool, for it is Monday, and washday. The reader may be interested to note the scene in the picture above.

The throng in the Chinese portion of the city was immense. Returning from there, we went to a great carpet weaving establishment which was very interesting indeed.

Tuesday we were all busily engaged in making preparation for our trip some distance into the interior, and attending to urgent correspondence, and not until 3:00 a. m., Wednesday, was everything in readiness.

Notwitshtanding the lateness of the hour of retirement, we were up at 5:00 o'clock, and arranging for the trip. At first it was thought that one mule cart would be sufficient for the party of four and just necessary baggage, but the car proved inadequate. (It was impossible to undertake such a journey with the assurance of any degree of comfort or prospect of success, so an additional vehicle was speedily arranged for.) Brother and Sister Keihn, Master Arnold, and the native driver, with a part of the baggage, were soon loaded into one cart, and my steamer trunk tied on the back; while the writer with a native driver, the remainder of the baggage, his typewriter "Corona," and a large commissary box well provisioned with edibles, canned fruits, meats, etc., with provender for the animals, were loaded into the other. The first cart was drawn by two small, white mules, while our animals were two little mules, one mouse colored, the other black. The cart was a two-wheeled, wooden affair, no seat and no springs — blankets, rugs, etc., being spread on the floor of the conveyance to make up for the lack of these — having a straight axle-tree, open in front and covered by a little house of green cloth; the harness was a rope contrivance, and the collars were made of straw, the driver sitting in front to direct his team when he was not walking to keep warm. We had made arrangements for leaving our heavier trunk, valuable papers, checks, etc., until we returned, as on account of the number of marauders infesting the country to which we were destined, travelers frequently have a Jericho experience, and it was not considered safe to take any valuables more than absolutely necessary.

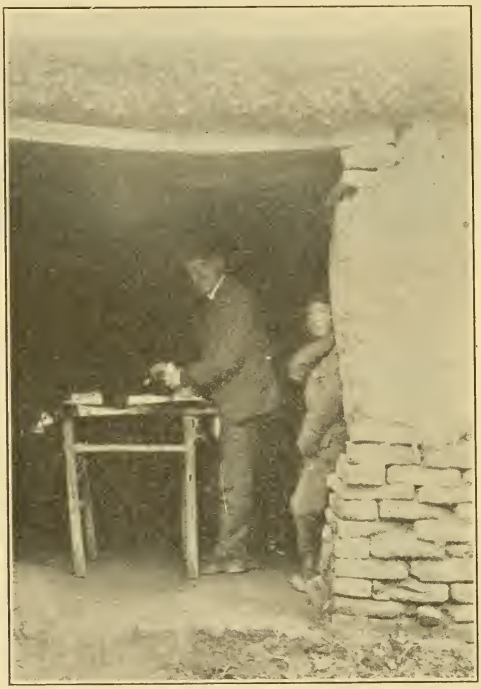
Everything being now in readiness, and the good-byes said, we started at 9:15 for our interior trip. By noon we had already passed through fifteen villages, averaging possibly fifty houses in each, and many of them inhabited with four families, so one is at no loss to conjecture the density of population in this farming country, for that is practically what it is. The farmers do not build houses on the land they work, but group them to-

BROTHER KIEHN AND MULE AND CART

H. F. REYNOLDS IN A MULE CART

gether so as to leave the ground free for tillage, save the family graveyards which are indicated by the mounds of earth seen on every hand, many of them ornamented with fine trees.

Most of the land seen during our first day's trip was very level, and in a high state of cultivation. At mid-day, we struck a great dike that controls the overflow water of the



HOTEL, WAO TIEN

noted Yellow River. At 1:00 o'clock, we made our first stop at the village Tsi-Ho, putting up at an inn, or Chinese hotel, for lunch.

I am sure the reader will be interested to know something about the accommodations here. The building itself was about 12 feet by 20 feet, the walls composed of adobe blocks, and

divided into two rooms, a door and no window, no stove or place for fire. People in this section do not have fires except in extreme cold weather, then kindle a small one in the middle of the room on the floor. There are no chimneys at all, consequently when there is a fire built, the smoke causes more discomfort than the cold, and it is perhaps also the reason for an affection of the eyes from which a great number of the natives suffer. Many of these inns have no windows at all, or if windows, the paper which is supposed to cover them, is absent. The furniture on this occasion consisted of an apology for a table, one chair without a bottom, and a long, narrow bench. One naturally raises the question as to how the meal is prepared. Brother Keihn having been a missionary to China for five years, and having spent much of that time as a touring missionary, had accustomed himself to the methods of the country, and learned how to make arrangements for such emergencies. On this trip, he and Sister Keihn had provided themselves with a good blue-flame oil stove, and we were able at nearly every place to secure good fuel-oil, while our drivers, being very familiar with this part of the country, were able to find us an inn. The first thing one does after finding an inn is to drive into the court, back the cart up to the door, and unload the baggage and lunch box, with such things as may be needed. Then some one is dispatched to obtain hot water, for the Chinese have found out that to keep well they must drink it hot. Consequently, at most any time after 10:00 o'clock, in most of the villages or towns, one can procure it in any quantity from those who make it a business to furnish such supply. This custom has really been founded on necessity, as owing to the scarcity of fuel the people do not build fires in the morning, but for a small amount of money purchase all the hot water needed, and get along that way with much less expense. By the time the hot water had been secured, the crowd had become so dense in the door — even penetrating into the room — that Sister Keihn found it impossible to proceed with the preparations, until her husband went out into the yard and began to sing and preach so as to attract attention and draw the people out from the inn. At length, Sister Keihn announced that the dinner was ready. Everything seemed very strange to us, but we

soon learned to adapt ourselves to the circumstances. After enjoying a good lunch, the luggage was repacked, and again we were on our way. During the early part of the day it had been very gloomy, and at times heavy showers descended; but now the clouds lifted, and we obtained a fair view of the landscape. At evening, we stopped in the village of Chĭaomiao, where the drivers were able to secure an inn similar to the one just described, and we had to repeat our experience of interesting the crowd while the meal was in preparation. Supper over, we endeavored to catch up with our daily memorandum and our neglected correspondence, retiring about 10:30.

Incidentally, the reader is advised that seldom ever is there any arrangement made in these inns for a bedstead or bed. Occasionally, the earth is raised at one or both ends of the room, perhaps some six or eight inches. Sometimes there may even be a cot made out of heavy wood and coarse cord stretched across; but almost without exception, it is the bare, earthen floor, with possibly a thin mat constructed of straw or leaves. Brother Keihn and family occupied one end of this room, and the writer the other. We had with us traveling mats lined about two inches thick with cotton, and spreading these on the floor with our blankets and steamer rug, then wrapping up in a heavy overcoat, also a fur coat which Sister Keihn did not wish to use, we were able to keep comfortably warm and slept quite a little.

On our second day out we were up at 5:00 o'clock, and succeeded in getting our drivers started before light. The weather was somewhat cloudy, the atmosphere very damp and searching. There is an old saw, "When in Rome, one must do as the Romans do," and being in that part of China where breakfast is never prepared — that is, fires are never built in the morning — we fell into line, more from necessity than any particular desire on our part. However, the night before, Sister Keihn had thoughtfully made some hot coffee and placed it in the thermos bottle, also prepared some sandwiches, and thus we were able to enjoy a good lunch before starting out on our trip.

As the day advanced, the clouds broke away, the sun came out warm and bright, and the air was quite charming. The way lay through an endless chain of villages, in fact we were

HOTEL, WALLED TOWN CHIAO MIAO

NIGHT SCENE IN HOTEL IN CHUYEHHSIEN
(City of 10,000)

never out of sight of one during the whole day. Later we came frequently upon walled cities and towns, these increasing in number as we advanced on our journey, the reason being that we had entered the section which is so harrassed by bands of brigands, that the people being thus disturbed, have been obliged to protect their homes with massive walls.

We crossed several dry channels — the country abounding in these, as formerly the taxes, largely paid in grain, were loaded on boats and carried by way of the canals to the capital. The wheat was looking green, and was in drills some ten or twelve inches in interval. We would call it winter wheat in America. Occasionally we would pass an old orchard with pear and plum trees.

Having started so early in the morning, we put up for lunch at about 10:00 a. m. in a village called Lianechiar. We went to the proverbial Chinese inn, where Sister Keihn busied herself with the preparation of the meal, and the writer occupied his time in dispatching correspondence, while Brother Keihn preached to the Chinese, many of whom said they had never before heard the Gospel message. The sad realization of their benighted condition weighed heavily upon us, as we looked about and saw the land thickly dotted with temples, disclosing idols and shrines on every hand. At some villages there would be several of these; nearly every farm would have a temple of some kind, and frequently in the family graveyard there would be erected a small structure with one or more gods in it.

We are here at the Chinese New Year's celebration, which begins January 26th, and continues sixteen days. During the period there is much interchanging of visits among the people who now wear their best clothes, have good things to eat, gamble, drink wines, etc. We saw very many families in ox or mule carts going and coming from such visits. Crowds of women in the villages and cities could be seen hobbling along — I say hobble, because in the interior of China they have not yet abandoned the custom of foot-binding — as the women and girls are allowed many privileges on this festive occasion which ordinarily are denied them. Again, the farmers are not doing much, so there are numbers of men going on pilgrimages to

some distant mountain shrine or city to worship and pray. Not, however, to pray for pardon of shortcomings, and guidance into a better life, but to ask for prosperity in business, or good crops; or if it is homage they render to an ancestor, then to offer incense that they will do them good and not harm.

CHINESE WOMAN, AGED 82, AS SHE APPEARED WHEN SISTER KIEHN FIRST TOLD HER OF JESUS

We had made a long drive in the afternoon, and at dusk we put in at the village of Bochipaing. Here the inn was again one room, having two paper windows, no chimney, no brick place for beds, and a chair without a seat in it. While Brother Keihn preached to the people who thronged about the door,

Sister Keihn prepared our evening repast. But this time our good brother could not interest them, and they crowded about the room so that Sister Keihn finally had to promise that if they would go away until our meal was served, she would come out and talk after her work was done, which she did. Many of them said they had never before heard the story of Jesus. One old lady of eighty-two years said,"I have never before heard such news; no doubt you have come just now for this express purpose."

Being too weary from our day's jaunt to write, we wrapped up in our blankets and, committing ourselves to the Lord, were soon sleeping soundly.

Friday morning we were up and on our way before dawn, desiring to make 120 lis, or about 40 miles — the same distance as on the day preceding. When we first started out this morning, progress was slow on account of the hard, frozen ground. It was the coldest day we had thus far experienced, consequently we were obliged to walk every little while to keep warm. Later, the sun came out and warmed things up. The air was fine, and free from the odor usually arising from the heavily fertilized soil, also from the cities. The country has much the same appearance as yesterday, but land is not so good, and frequently we see considerable indication of alkali. Occasionally we would pass farms with great ridges of the earth piled up, and learned it was where the top alkali soil had been scraped off so the under strata could be tilled. The graveyards in this section also seemed to be larger and more numerous. We noted, too, frequent wooded tracts, many of the trees being tall and large, especially the cottonwood so much prized in building material for poles, rafters, etc. In one village we saw several large trunks of trees, one end set in the ground and a man with a cross-cut saw cutting it up into slabs or planks for further purposes. The walled cities are on the increase. In fact, one that is not thus protected is the exception. We had passed through two large ones and came to the village of Liangchialer, where we now stopped for dinner. The crowd as usual pressed about until it was impossible to get our meal. We were able at this place to get some pictures of the inn and carts, while Brother and Sister Keihn both talked to the people, and ques-

tioning them, learned that some Presbyterian missionaries, also missionaries of the National Holiness Association had formerly passed through; but the great majority claimed never before to have heard about the Savior. Lunch over, we were soon on our way. However, the road being sandy and heavy pulling for the mules, we were compelled to put up early at the walled city of Heinshi, but the inn was not so good as the ones we had previously enjoyed. The furniture consisted of two tables, such as they were, two narrow benches, and some piles of dirt for the beds. However, we succeeded in getting a man to sell us two bunches of millet straw which we divided and spread

HOTEL, LIANGCHIALER

out, and covering the same with our blankets and steamer rug, succeeded in getting a good night's rest. Our usual experience was not lacking here. Great crowds of people thronged the yard and door, so that it was a long time before we could get anything to eat. The writer endeavored to give them a short talk, Brother Keihn acting as interpreter.

It was a very dark, cold, damp night, and the inn fireless, so our discomfort was unusual. Notwithstanding this, we felt it imperative to spend several hours writing up our daily mem-

oranda. Having put on a heavy sweater and overcoat, and a Japanese hot water bottle between our feet, which kept one side warm while the other froze, we wrote with our fingers numbed with the cold. You ask, "Why do it?" Well, it had to be done, or else at the next place I would be crowded with clerical duties as when I landed in China.

Saturday morning found us up early as usual, having made a good start before day. The weather was cold and clear. As we advanced, our course lay through a country where there was much alkali, and later becoming sandy, we saw many orchards of apricots, pears, peaches, also several kinds of trees bearing nuts, one of them like our English walnut. This country, Shantung, is noted for its fruits. We now stopped at Tienping for lunch, having driven about eight miles, leaving 20 lis for the afternoon drive to Nankwantao, where we hoped to rest over Sabbath. Having such a short distance to go, we made only a brief stop for our lunch, just giving the mules a chance to get some provender, then hastening on, at 4:00 p. m. arrived on the bank of the Wei River, opposite headquarters of the National Holiness workers. Some of the Chinese converts of this mission, learning that we were foreigners, crossed in their private skiff, and notified the missionaries that we were coming, so that by the time we succeeded in crossing by ferry, they were hurrying down to the shore. Among them were Reverend and Mrs. Woodford Taylor, Reverend and Mrs. Cecil Troxel, Reverend and Mrs. John Moe, and Misses Iva G. Brown and Katheryn Flagler, who gave us a most hearty welcome. Then, assuming charge of both ourselves and baggage, they soon made us comfortable in a room heated with a hard coal stove, also with a plentiful supply of hot water, by which we were soon presentable and ready for refreshments, which were bountifully served.

We were agreeably surprised to find the National Holiness workers in such fine quarters, comely buildings, substantially constructed of brick, with living rooms, a small dispensary, a Bible Training School for native preachers, a day school, and school for Bible women, also accommodations for Chinese women and another for Chinese men, all being enclosed by a strong brick wall, and conservatively estimated worth $5,000.00.

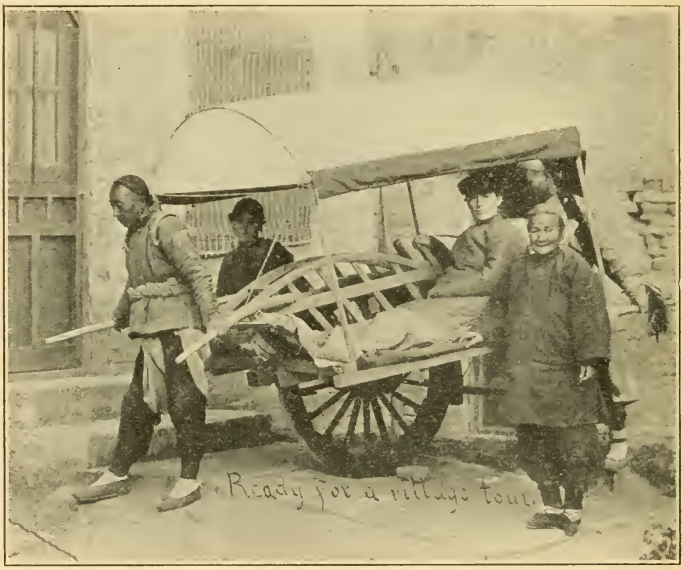
free from indebtedness. We then spent the evening in conversation. It was indeed a time long to be remembered, because of the meeting with this band of faithful missionaries. Brother Keihn and wife having associated with the National Holiness workers, of course had much to report to them regarding their trip to America and return. After a few hours' conversation on general topics, we finally took up important business, one of the particular objects of the trip being to consider the correspondence sent by the Missionary Department of

CHAPEL NATIONAL HOLINESS MISSION, NONGWANTAO

the National Holiness Association and that of the National Holiness Association Special Secretary, Rev. C. W. Ruth. to the writer with reference to the work it was doing in China being consolidated with the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene. In addition to the above mentioned, we now had the privilege of meeting the missionaries Reverend Ellis and wife of the American Missionary Board, particular friends of the National Holiness workers.

Next morning after an early breakfast, we had a delightful

season of family prayer in the foreign settlement, and at 10:30 a. m. preached to the congregation of Chinese men and women, the foreign settlement being also present, including Brother and Sister Keihn, Miss Flagler, also Reverend Ellis and wife, of the American Board, here on a special visit to this section. Brother Troxel interpreted for the writer, as he undertook to bring the message from Isaiah 40:9. In the afternoon, I was again privileged to preach to the congregation of Chinese men



MRS. TAYLOR, N. H. A. MISSIONARY, READY FOR TOUR

and women, from 1 John 1:7, 8, 9, 10. In this instance Brother Moe was the interpreter. We had about two hundred in attendance at both the morning and afternoon service, and according to the statement of the missionaries, there were several earnest seekers for pardon. At night, I preached from John 14:12. The dear Lord was present with us to encourage, inspire and refresh the saints, each receiving a larger vision of the possibilities of Divine grace, and were strengthened in our

purpose to pray and to work for the salvation of the lost of China. Sister Flagler was much blessed in this service. Altogether it was a time of great rejoicing in the foreign settlement, and we all joined in giving thanks to the Lord for His manifold kindnesses.

Monday, we were up and had breakfast at 7:00. At 8:30 our sermon to the Chinese preachers and evangelists was from Matt. 3:11, Brother Troxel acting as interpreter. He has reported that at least one of the Chinese preachers received the baptism with the Holy Ghost. Many were much encouraged because the writer presented Gospel Holiness in the same manner as the National Holiness missionaries.

This was a most strenuous day, requiring the presence of all the missionaries, together with the writer, in conference from 10:00 a. m. till noon, then again in the afternoon, and at night, the object being a consideration of the interests of the work of the National Holiness Association and the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene. It was not until we heard the clock striking midnight that we realized it was time for us to adjourn.

Tuesday we spent as on the previous day in conference with the two bodies represented in the work in China, except we were absent a short space for inspecting the town, also the brief intervals devoted to meals.

Wednesday we spent the whole day in considering the work, and in shaping a policy for the future of the church. First there was the one outlined in case the union is perfected, then the other concerned our respective work, should such union not be consummated. So it was, the multitude of important items and business aspects occupied our attention until 2:00 a. m. before we adjourned to repack our luggage and arrange for our further journey.

The mission field hitherto occupied by the workers of the National Holiness Association lies in Shantung Province, north of the Hwang-Ho, or as it is popularly called, the Yellow River. Owing to the fertility of this region, as well as the influence of Confucianism, which requires the descendants of families to continue their residence in the natal provinces and offer religious ministrations for the benefit of departed ances-

tors, as well as to train children to perpetuate the religious obligations, the population is the densest in all China, numbering some 36,000,000. Think of a district a little smaller than the state of Delaware, but with six times the number of inhabitants, with nine walled cities and approximately five thousand towns and villages, having only eight missionaries and seven Chinese evangelists to lead these people into the light of the Gospel. The people in this field are very religious, too, if judged from the 25,000 temples and numberless shrines. They worship their ancestors, fairies or spirits, besides about 3,000 different gods, but the gods which receive most attention are the "kitchen gods" and the "god of wealth." There are great numbers of Mohammedans and Roman Catholics throughout the field. (We are indebted to Rev. Woodford Taylor for these statistics of the Shantung Province.) It is also learned from other authorities that the population in this province north of the Yellow River averages from 700 to 1,200 souls to the square mile, and that the territory assigned the Holiness workers by the Comity Committee, including the large city of Tungchangfu, with inhabitants 180,000, and its adjacent country, doubtless embraces a population of 6,000,000 people. While the National Holiness workers had already a very large and important field assigned to them, it seemed absolutely essential they should have the last named city in order to have a good center for the various departments of religious work. However, as it is one of the rules of the Comity Committee that a missionary body should not have a larger territory assigned than their ability to care for would seem to warrant, it was a little doubtful as to whether these workers would be able to secure the latter territory, being short of workers for the field already under their operations. So, feeling it would be pleasing to the Lord for them to give a portion of their assignment to the people of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, after prayerful deliberation, they decided upon a very generous cession, including the walled cities and market towns as well as the larger villages in the valley lying adjacent to the river. But some of this territory, upon investigation, proved to be undesirable for the reason that it is somewhat low, and subject to the overflow from the Yellow River, therefore, malarial fevers quite prevalent. After taking

these conditions all into account, the Holiness workers decided upon a further cession of a strip north of that already given, the same including the walled town of Chaochenghsien, which lies at a higher altitude than any of the other walled towns and is suitable for foreign settlement. Thus the territory that could probably be reached by the missionaries of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene would bring some million people under their influence, but should the union be not accomplished, there would still be the territory along the southern bank of the Yellow River, with probably as many more people as we now have, that is 2,000,000 Chinese among whom we could labor, as

HOTEL CHAO CHENG SHIEN

there has never been any amount of consecutive or organized work in the district.

The writer feels that the National Holiness people are to be congratulated in having such a splendid combination of workers in their field. There are located here Rev. Woodford Taylor and wife, who seem well adapted not only for the executive department, but for the schoolroom, and specially gifted along medical and dental lines; Rev. Moe and wife are able educational leaders and perfectly at home with the language; Rev. Troxel and wife, peculiarly adapted for evangelistic and

pioneer work; Miss Mary Hill, who recently returned from furlough, has a gift for Bible instruction; while Misses Flagler and Brown are accomplished business women. All of them except Miss Brown have perfect command of the language, being able to preach, teach, and converse therein. The latter is also making rapid progress and will very shortly be able to take her place among the rest. It seemed very significant that their several gifts were along the lines of such practical service in the beginning of this great movement in the Chinese Republic. Certain it is, the labors of this faithful, consecrated band of men and women have been greatly blessed of the Lord. They now have ten native preachers, also ten Bible women active in the work, besides a goodly number of other helpers. They have recently organized a Chinese holiness church with forty members. They have thoroughly canvassed a large territory and anticipate opening up several new stations.

Thursday we resumed our journey, taking a southerly course, Rev. Cecil W. Troxel, field evangelist, and several Chinese preachers, H. T. Chang, H. C. Wang, and C. H. Li, accompanying us. We were favored with having our same mule carts and drivers, and an additional pony cart for Brother Troxel and his preachers.

Having been closeted these several days past in the conferences with the missionaries, it was something of a relief to be once more out in the open, breathing the cold, fresh air, and under the clear sky. The roads at times were very dusty, also a little heavy. Our main object in taking this part of the trip was that we might visit a portion of the National Mission fields; also to make necessary inspection of the district recently ceded by them to the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, and from thence to cross the Yellow River and visit Tsaochoufu — the field of Brother and Sister Keihn's former labors prior to their furlough in America .

The principal places we anticipated visiting in the territory allotted to us are Kwangcheng, Fanhsien, and Puchow, all walled cities, and besides these, the walled market towns.

The day was made the more enjoyable because Brother Troxel was thoroughly acquainted with this territory and therefore was able to explain to us many of its interesting

features in connection with the different villages through which we were passing. We stopped for lunch at Wangfengchi, a small inn similar to those previously described. During the day we saw many men grazing flocks of sheep and goats on the wheat fields, a practice permitted at this season of the year, but one is prohibited under penalty of law from grazing too closely lest injury result to the crop. Sometimes there are very exciting scenes attending these grazing herds; the farmers of one village may try to capture the sheep or goats of another, if the animals stray, and as there are no wire fences, it is quite easy for the sheep to wander off from one field to another. Sometimes, too, the farmers owning the herd may trespass on a neighbor; again, the men of the village desiring to make a feast will go out and frighten a farmer's flock and scattering them from him, drive them over on a neighbor's farm, and proceed to take him to court for trespassing. Then, getting judgment against him, they are allowed to take his sheep. Thus provisioned, they will slaughter the animals, and make a great feast for the village. During the day we passed by a number of pear and plum orchards. There seems also to be quite an industry in hogs, especially black ones, in this part of the country. It is a noted section for peanuts, and, after the sifting of the soil to abstract all the product possible, the fields are turned over to the swine to get what they can out of them. Where they sift the ridges, the dirt is piled in little mounds such as falls from a sieve. We had passed on from here, and now stopped at Changlouchi, having made a good run of 90 lis, 30 miles. The sand being quite deep, the driving was heavy, consequently our mules and ponies were much exhausted when we put up for night at the city inn. We succeeded in getting an early start on Friday. The weather continued clear and cool, and the roads, while sandy, were fairly good. Before long we drew up at Chaochenghsein, a prospective station of the National Holiness missionaries. Brother Troxel having been here many times and preached to the people on the streets, was quite at home, and was able to give us much valuable information. This is one of the walled towns that the National Holiness workers had given us in addition to the original grant of territory, and the place where our mis-

sionaries, Brother Keihn and wife and Miss Sims, are now carrying on our work. There are several buildings, including a chapel facing on the street, a room for Chinese helpers, also one for a small dispensary, and another for Chinese women; besides a suite of rooms which can be fixed up as the residence of a foreign missionary superintendent and his famliy.

The entire property is rented at $130.00 per month, equal to

FRONT VIEW MISSION AT CHAO CHENG SHIEN

$65.00 American money. The Chinese preachers, Brothers Wang and Chang, carried on the work in this station prior to its being turned over to our Pentecostal missionaries. It seems a very good center, being like the palm of the hand with fin-

gers reaching to Nankwantao, fifty miles ditsant; Shen Hsien, 15 miles; Yan Ku, 15 miles; Shou Chang, 15 miles; Fan Hsien, 10 miles; Kwan Cheng, 15 miles. The people, as usual, gathered in great crowds in front of the mission, also blocked the street as may be seen by the accompanying picture.

At early sundown, we were glad to put in at the walled village, Kwanchengsien, the most northern of the three towns which the National Holiness workers had granted to us. We had also traveled the same distance, thirty miles, as on the previous day.

The writer agreed with Brother Troxel that this walled town

CHINESE STREET CROWD IN FRONT OF OUR MISSION AT CHAO CHENG SHIEN

would make a good missionary station, there being but one question as to its desirability, the one which we have mentioned before — that is, its low level, making it subject to overflow of the Yellow River, gives it a malarial tendency, thus decreasing its value for the missionaries' home, since the health might be affected by these conditions.

After a refreshing evening meal prepared by Sister Keihn, the writer, accompanied by Brother Troxel called on the head official of the city. We were met by the gate-keeper,

then by a special man of the official household, who ushered us into the office, immediately having us served with tea. This, however, we declined, as we were calling on the official, and not the official's servants. That is, the officers of these walled cities have each their official lackeys and soldier bodyguards. The head officer now came forward and asked us for our cards. Later a servant told us the official had been sick in bed with a cold, but would arise and see such distinguished guests. After some delay the soldier lighted a long candle, placed it in a lantern about the size of a half-barrel, put it on a tripod, then, accompanied by several attendants, escorted us into a large room having a long table and a few chairs, and commanded us to be seated. Soon the official came in — a young man of delicate appearance, clearly showing traces of his illness. Tea being brought, he gave each of us a cup, which he filled, and which we were to drink. Brother Troxel now did the talking, afterwards the writer spoke through him as interpreter — the interview occupying about seven minutes. Then we sipped the tea to express our appreciation. He asked to be excused from returning our call on account of his indisposition — Chinese etiquette requiring a state call to be returned by the official accompanied by his servants and soldier bodyguard fifteen minutes after the visitors shall have returned to their home. He also said he would call in the morning; but as our special object was to arrange that the gates might be opened so as to let us pass through very early, we could not remain to receive him. It is the custom for the city gates to be closed, and after the great padlocks are attached the official seal is applied, at 9:00 p. m. In particularly turbulent times, these are closed as early as 6:00 o'clock. If the seal covering the lock is broken, the fact is at once reported to the head official, and immediately he sets afoot inquiries to ascertain whether any foreigners may have left the city. There were many robbers infesting the country at the time, hence it was that unusual precautions were being taken. The brigands being strong in numbers, better armed than the soldier defenders, and fearless, are dreaded by them. Then, too, the outlaws often have accomplices inside the city walls among the very men appointed by the government for its defense who,

for a share in the plunder, betray their trust. Again, a system of extortion from wealthy business men exists, who, rather than have the place molested, will pay a bonus of bribe money.

Saturday morning we were up at 3:00 o'clock, because a very long trip had been planned. First, in order to reach Tsaochoufu, the former home of Brother and Sister Keihn, and be protected for the night; secondly, because Brother Troxel and two of the Chinese preachers were to leave us at this point. Brother Troxel was certainly a kind and interesting friend — a strong man of God, tried and true, and we had sweet fellowship with him. He had rendered our party much valuable service, greatly stimulating our faith, and through the blessing

LANDING FROM FERRY, OVERFLOW RIVER

of the Lord had enlarged our vision to the possibilities of the work in China.

Though the weather was favorable, the roads were still heavy, and we only made 45 li on the morning drive, reaching Puchow about noon. This city has a much greater population and more extensive business interests than the place from which we had just come, but being considerably nearer the Yellow River, the overflow often touches within three miles of it, consequently, because of malarial tendencies, it might not prove a desirable home for foreign residents. However, it would be

a valuable center from which to carry on missionary operations through the agency of native preachers and workers.

After a brief period for lunch, for we were anxious to cross the Yellow River before nightfall, we pressed on, arriving at the bank of the overflow at 2:00 p. m. As may be imagined by the accompanying picture, the overflow river inundates a wide section of country. We learned that in October previous, after a series of heavy rains, it had broken its dikes fifteen miles above where we were crossing, the flood sweeping everything before it. Now, after the lapse of six months, there still remains an overflow which, though shallow, is probably a half mile wide, and being treacherous, imposes imminent risk upon travel and traffic embarking there — for the ferries are only rudely constructed affairs.

The Whang-Ho, or Yellow River, has had many channels, and is peculiarly subject to floods. Its present bed is 300 miles north of that occupied in 1854, the writer's birth year. The last occasion when it escaped its banks was in 1887, when, owing to an embankment giving away, a great plain as large as Scotland was suddenly and without warning turned into a raging sea, destroying thousands of towns and villages, and according to official and generally accepted estimate, 1,600,000 people were swept away, while 5,000,000 others were rendered entirely destitute. This river has long since earned the title of China's Sorrow. Every year it brings down continents of *loess* to the sea, and together with the Yang-Tse has pushed back the borders of the ocean, and built up China's vast plain.

To resume our journey. After the transit, we hastily hitched our mules in, and proceeded on our way with as much speed as possible, for the sun was now low in the Western sky. After making about three miles, we came to the Whang-Ho. As a precaution to any freak of the river, the government has taken the water out of the great canal, fearing lest it should break the dike, and using the canal, find its way to Peking, doing thereby immeasurable damage to life and property. We had approached this river with considerable misgiving, having been informed by the various missionaries that either shore was unstable, the current swift, and the channel uncertain, and that

BOARDING FERRY NORTH SHORE YELLOW RIVER

LANDING FROM FERRY SOUTH SHORE YELLOW RIVER

its passage might even require as much as forty-eight hours. We were very happily disappointed in this, for it took only thirty-five minutes to effect the crossing, besides we found the channel quite deep at this place. The wind also was favorable and assisted us in our efforts. Notwithstanding the crossing was so quickly made, we yet had an exciting experience when embarking on the ferry for the opposite shore. The swift current had been undercutting the bank, while the extra weight with the motion from our carts and animals as we were being loaded on, caused a great slumping of the bank, and we were almost precipitated down stream with it. The boat having been caught under part of the side was very nearly swamped. However, we were soon safely landed. Either shore of this river is very treacherous, though it may not overflow both opposite banks at the same time. Frequently there will be a slight elevation on one side, and on the opposite shore, the land will stretch away long miles in low, flat plains. It was at one of the higher points that we boarded the ferry. Our mules were soon hitched in and we resumed our journey. Meanwhile we were conscious that the sun was fast approaching the horizon, also that we had to drive a long distance before a village inn for our accommodation could be found. Having had three days' continuous hard journeying, being unable to reach our desired haven, Tsaochoufu, we were glad to put in for the night at Takow; for the distance had proved much greater than anticipated at Nankwantao, where we had consulted the map, and outlined a route. The drivers, too, being very tired, were slow to push on, so we had to submit and rest for the night, stopping at a small inn having no windows, no door — a few kaffir corn stalks set up for protection — no raised places for our beds, just the flat, dirt floor.

During our drive on Saturday we passed through a country very similar to that on previous days, the land being given over wholly to farming. The pictures will give the reader an idea of the method a farmer uses in preparing the soil for its crop. As we stopped, we found great crowds of people awaiting us, and the usual difficulties in preparing our meals, the curious throng pressing into the yard and even into the house. The picture will give the reader some conception of the ap-

A CHINESE FARMER

VIEW OF CROWD AT CHAO CHENG SHIEN, SHOWING PADDED GARMENTS AND METHOD OF CARRYING BABIES

pearance of the motly assembly, in their thickly padded winter costumes. Note the little babies' faces showing from their mothers' garments. In China the babies do not wear clothing, being kept warm by being carried next the body of the women. That is, this is the custom in this section.

On resuming our journey we stopped at Congshikao to feed our animals and have lunch. This seemed a very poor country, and the roads, if we can call them such, were very heavy. The inn was, possibly, more dilapidated than any we had previously entered, as were also all the surroundings. However, being refreshed with a light lunch, we pressed on as soon as the mules had had time to eat a little provender. Here we encountered a wind and sand storm, after which the sun burst through with exceeding great heat. At 3:00 p. m. we arrived at Tsaochoufu, and had the usual accompaniment of crowd. A number of Chinese men and women following us from our entrance into the city, now recognized Brother and Sister Keihn, who had formerly worked among them. One elderly man ran along side the cart for more than a mile, then a few blocks from the city darted off ahead to give intelligence of our approach to the missionaries, these being the Rev. Jonathan Shrage and wife, and Miss Retzlaff, who made us very welcome. Brother Keihn's old cook, John the Chinaman, who was in their service before they took their furlough, was still there, and overjoyed to see them, as were also many of the Chinese Christian converts, who came in during the afternoon. At this station we found a good house for the missionaries, and were soon shown to a large, airy room with the usual facilities for bathing and resting. After a little while we were summoned to the dining room, where we were seated at a long table covered with beautiful white linen, appearing to us whiter than any linen we had ever before seen. Probably because our eyes had been so long unaccustomed to the sight, as we drove in the sand and stopped at the native inns during the tedious journey just behind us, we were in a condition to appreciate it more. After this bountiful repast, and a word of refreshing prayer, we accompanied Brothers Shrage and Keihn to the top of the wall, unusually high and strongly constructed, which

enabled us to get a comprehensive view much more readily than would otherwise have been obtainable. Our host and his good wife were considerate of our time, and allowed us to have a room to ourselves at 8:00 o'clock. We very much appreciated this kindness on their part. So we had a good night's rest to atone for the hardships of the trip just passed over, a privilege we had not enjoyed since leaving the home of the National Holiness workers.

Awakening on the morrow, we found it raining very hard. Breakfast over, we preached to the foreign people, from John 4:1-14 and John 7:37, and the dear Lord was present and wondrously refreshed our souls. Service over, our friends, again showing themselves thoughtful of our time, and having the room to ourselves, we spent the day largely in clerical work.

The evening was taken up by a conference with the missionaries and an endeavor to make proper disposition of the property which prior to Brother Keihn's furlough had been held in common.

Wednesday the storm was still raging, but colder, at times the rain turning into snow or sleet; we were deterred from visiting the adjacent villages and cities as planned by Brother Keihn. Especially had we intended to see the Bartell Mission, about a day's drive from Tsaochoufu. But, as we have said, owing to the protracted storm, and our limited time, we were unable to carry out our purpose in the matter. Besides this, we learned of several cases of smallpox in the place, and deemed it unwise to unduly expose ourselves. Consequently, we had to leave the subsequent adjustment of mission affairs there to the Bartell people and Brother Keihn. We have since learned that they were able to come to an amicable settlement. This station had recently been organized under the Mennonites. At this point, we had to bid farewell to Sister Keihn and Master Arnold, as they were to remain here while Brother Keihn accompanied the writer to Tsinanfu, where he secured their goods, and took them to Tsaochoufu, as they are to remain in the place several months, making it headquarters while they tour the country north of the Yellow River, recently ceded to us. Notwithstanding the severe storm, we succeeded after much palaver in getting our drivers to consent to start, then with

mule carts backed up to the gate, we were soon loaded in with our baggage and a fresh supply of food.

Our party consisted of Brother Keihn and the Chinese preacher, Brother C. H. Li, and the writer, with our same mule carts and drivers. Our course at this time lay a little southeast, and led through a great section bordering on the Yellow River, which we had desired to investigate and see what the Lord might order. Given a good team and favorable roads, Tsinningfhow, our next landing station, should have been reached in one day. However, considering the difficulties due to the severe storm and very heavy roads, we thought we would be happy to make connection with our train by Friday, as we would then be able to reach Tsinanfu Saturday morning, thus giving us an opportunity to go up to the capital of the Empire, Peking, for a day or so. But we were disappointed in the realization of these plans, for the weather continued cloudy, the roads were muddy. The wind came from the north, and occasionally heavy snows would interfere, and it was very cold. The land seemed particularly fertile at this point. We passed many orchards on the way, and some belts of cottonwood trees, also several kind of trees with nuts similar to our English walnut. Several large market villages as well as numerous smaller ones now came into view. We made 55 li without stopping to feed, and put in for the night at the walled market place of Shatutsi.

The writer was certainly grateful for the splendid box of foodstuffs which Sisters Shrage and Keihn had prepared for us, and Brother Keihn, an expert at serving lunches, with the kind assistance of Brother Li, also very handy, soon had it on the table.

Thursday found us up at 5 o'clock, and after our usual lunch of sandwiches and coffee, we had a Bible reading from Acts on the Gift of the Holy Spirit, Brother Keihn interpreted, and Brother Li, our Chinese preacher whom the National Holiness workers had kindly let us have for the work, reading the alternate verses. I was prompted by the Spirit to press the matter home with him, he having told Brother Keihn that now seeing this gift was for him also, he would seek it in prayer. Later when we inquired if he had received the Holy

Spirit, he said he was happy, and that he believed the Comforter had entered his heart, and joined us in praising the Lord. So if only he alone shall continue in this faith, we will be repaid manifold times for the hard trip over 400 miles into the interior.

In the morning, we succeeded in getting our drivers started about 7:00 o'clock. It was cloudy, and the roads muddy where they were not sandy. After walking about an hour, we packed ourselves into the cart until 1:30 p. m., when we put up as before at an inn in the village of Waotien. During the day the land over which we were passing seemed much more fertile, and the trees more abundant. Later in the afternoon there was rain and sleet, till at last, we put in at the walled city of Chuyehhsien, a place of about 10,000 people. After much searching, our teamster succeeded in finding the best inn of the place. Perhaps you will pardon a description of it: One room 14 x 22 feet, mud walls, paper windows, with paper out, one door with sufficient space at bottom for small animals to find their way in and out, one table, three benches with straw seats, and earthen floor very damp because of the rain. As the weather was so damp and chilly we concluded to try the native method of warming ourselves, so purchased some kaffir corn stalks and built a fire in the midle of the room on the floor. But the smoke was so much worse to endure than the cold, we soon gave it up, and brushed what fire was left into the snow. However, we had heated a few pieces of slabs which were found by the building, and put these at our feet while we attended to some much needed correspondence. Brother Keihn succeeded in spreading another good supper for us, which we enjoyed, and after taking a few flashlight pictures, we were glad to retire.

Friday, our twenty-first day in China! We were up in good season, but a heavy snow was falling, and the drivers not willing to go forward; but after much palaver and argument from Brother Keihn and preacher Li, we succeeded in getting them to harness the mules and back up the cart. We were soon loaded in, and continued on our journey until 12:00, having made only about eight miles on account of the heavy roads and constantly increasing fury of the storm. The drivers stopped at the first village, Yanglou. The snow continued to

fall and the roads became almost impassable. The drivers protested against proceeding, but finally promised when they were warmed and the mules had had time to eat a little provender they would go on, as this was an exceedingly poor town for either man or beast. However, at 2:00 o'clock they gave us their ultimatum, absolutely refusing to go another step. So we remained at this apology of an inn at Yanglou. After lunch, we got to work and with blanket wrapped about us, and the hot water bottle at our feet, we were able for some hours to run our typewriter. We were not favored in having this inn to ourselves, a part of it being occupied by a Chinese farmer, who was taking his supply of grain to the market on a wheelbarrow, and finding it impossible to proceed, had been obliged to put in here. He had deposited his goods in one end of the room and kept watch, lest somebody should steal something. I have several times mentioned the unwillingness of the drivers to journey either before light or after sundown, or in times of storm, and indeed I can not very much blame them, for the country being full of robbers and assassins, it is not considered safe to travel either before day or after nightfall, lest they should suffer molestation and be robbed of their scanty earnings, perhaps, even be killed. Then in times of storm, they do not wish to press on, because they are not provided with raincoats or extra wraps for cold weather, and their clothing being all made of cotton, is easily penetrated by the rain. Their shoes, also made of cotton, get soaked. In this matter the Chinese differ from the Japanese, who do not protect the feet. Should the poor fellows sicken from the exposure, there is no one to care for them.

I mention this with some other incidents to show the type of life our missionaries must live at all times, and not to provoke sympathy for myself. They must endure hardships, privations, long, tiresome, perilous journeys, exposure to cold, rain, and contagion, and rarely encounter comforts to cheer them in the way, as they go about trying to help the unhappy people. The modes of travel and places of entertainment as you have seen, are indescribably poor, then in the warmer weather often one can not remain inside the inns at all on account of the scourge of bedbugs, fleas, scorpions, and other vermin which

infest them. Besides, there is always the risk of contracting smallpox or leprosy. The winter, therefore, notwithstanding its cold, snows and every now and then a heavy, blinding sandstorm whipping one in the face, is considered the best season for travel. There is no brighter or more bracing winter climate than is to be found in China. We speak of these things so the Missionary Board and the supporters of the work may know what our faithful workers must endure all the time, and what the obstacles are that hinder the work which they are expected to carry on and bring to success. They may be out for weeks at a time, and these inns are the only places in which they have to lodge at night.

In the morning we found the snow still piling up, and were surprised to see fifteen Chinese women hobbling along in the mud and slush, a staff in one hand, a bundle in the other, most of them past fifty years of age, I judged by their faces. They were smiling and chatting. While wondering what could have brought them out on a day like this, we were informed that they were pilgrims, returning from a noted temple some 125 miles distant, where they had been to worship during the New Year's holidays! Think of it! they had gone the whole distance, walking both ways on their crippled feet, to worship gods of stone, who could hear no prayers and give them no help. Should I think it hard, then, to journey for the Lord of Life, when He has so richly blessed me in health, in happy conditions of living, in the power to know Him as He is, and to think on the truth which everywhere doth abound. Nay, I do not feel it a hardship to do some of these things for Him. My Lord died for them as well as for me and all mankind. In fact, as I reflected on their sincere though ignorant devotion to their gods of stone, or wood, as the case may be, my soul was stirred to a greater loyalty; and I felt that if it were necessary and posible, I was willing to make far greater sacrifices for the service of the Lord, in order to carry the Gospel to these poor, deluded creatures.

Saturday morning, we were able to leave Yanglou about 8:00 o'clock. The ground was covered with snow, and the country presented a charming aspect. The roads were difficult and slow.

On this side the Yellow River, we found the same monotonous level, and were not slow to notice the variation when at length we came upon some rocky elevations, perhaps, 300 or 400 feet high, crowned by a temple with stone gods covering the whole eminence. This was the more striking as all through our previous days of travel, we had not seen a stone of any kind as large as a man's fist. We noticed that the rock in this section was employed, to a certain extent, in the construction of buildings; but most of the houses were made of wood rather than stone, though as we proceeded to the eastern portion of the town, some stone buildings were in evidence.

ENTERING THE LAST WALLED CITY ON TRIP TO INTERIOR

About noon, we came to Chiayehhsien, the last walled city at which we stopped during our trip into the interior. The accompanying picture will give the reader a good idea of the wall and gate where we entered. The walls of the building where we stopped for lunch were very good; the interior, however, was about the same as described previously. The picture will give an idea of the surroundings and the distant hill with temple on top, all enclosed by a high and well-constructed wall.

Brother Keihn had ordered a Chinese dinner of prepared

mutton with onions and scrambled eggs, together with hot coffee, and after we had partaken of it, we were quite refreshed. About 1:30 in the afternoon, we resumed our way east. The snowfall was much lighter today, and soon disappeared when the sun came out quite warm and bright. We presently came on to a great flat plain stretching away as far as we could see; and which continued until we reached Tsining-

HOTEL, CHIAYEHHSIEN

chow. After a little we reached the grand canal and mounted the dike about 4 p. m., pursuing our journey on this raised ground along its top until we reached the city of Tsiningchow, just mentioned. We were glad at this time to have an opportunity to walk a little distance. A few boats were seen on the canal, most of them being towed by two or three men to each

boat. The ground was very fertile, and there were many small villages. The canal itself, much higher than the surrounding country, is kept in channel by great dikes. We entered the city of Tsiningchow about 6:00 o'clock, but it took us more than an hour to find an inn near the railway.

This is the second largest city in Shantung Province. It has a variety of streets eight to twelve feet in width, none wider than twelve feet; and the paving even more diverse, ranging from deep mud to stone slabs. However, as all the streets were lower than the doors of the stores and houses, the water was standing in them to such a depth as made them well-nigh impassable to the pedestrian. The North Presbyterians have a hospital here, also a boys' and girls' school, it being the center of their southern work. They having been the first missionaries in this field. They carry on their labors in the country for two hundred miles around. Had the weather and roads been such as to permit, we should have used the opportunity to visit and investigate some of their undertakings.

We put up at an inn of several apartments. All were about the same size, but possibly ours was a little the best, as being foreigners we were given the preference. It was near dark when we entered it.

After enjoying supper, we made the best preparations possible for the Sabbath, and retired for much needed rest. When we resumed our journey we rose early and were loaded with our baggage for the last time into the carts and driven to the railway station over a mile distance outside of the city wall, this being the terminal of the Yenchowfu branch of the Tsinanfu-Puchow Railway. Having effected a safe landing at the station, we loaded our things into a third-class car, very similar to our freight box cars, except it had seats running lengthwise and small windows on the side. Our train started at 11:00 o'clock, and we made the first twenty miles safely, and at Yenchowfu made connections with the main line. While waiting here, we embraced the opportunity to procure a Chinese lunch — some kind of hash and pastry — I did n't undertake to analyze it. Our train being an hour late, it was considerably after noon before we got started again. In the same car with us were three men bound together with iron

chains about their necks on their way to the capital for trial in a supposed robbery and murder case. A great longing arose in my heart to converse with these men, but I realized more than ever my helplessness without the language, and also of the necessity of missionaries giving their first attention to the mastery of same; for I am more than ever impressed with the fact that without command of the language our worker is more or less like a carpenter trying to work without tools.

We had proceeded but a little way on our journey, when

GRAVE OF CONFUCIUS

we had a very pleasant surprise from Brother Geisler, who boarded the car, and rode a number of hours with us, but holding a first-class ticket, he was at last obliged to return to the first-class apartment, in order not to forfeit same; but he sent in refreshments of hot tea and sandwiches which we greatly enjoyed. A few miles from Yenchowfu, the scenery began to be mountainous, and became delightful as we advanced, unfolding in ever-increasing charm most picturesque and beautiful. I suspect, too, it was the more captivating because of the relief

it was to escape from the monotony and dead level of the endless plains over which we had come for the past sixteen days. During our trip, we passed by the home and tomb of Confucius; also through the noted city of Chiifu. It was at this latter place we obtained a fine view of the noted mountain where 100,000 pilgrims go annually to worship the god of sun, god of health, god of prosperity, and the grandmother god. It is also noted for its temple and Gate of Heaven, there being over 7,000 steps cut out in the solid rock leading up to this temple and temple gate. We now reached Tsinanfu, getting into the station an hour late, but we had made the entire distance of 145 miles in what seemed to us very rapid traveling, compared with that we had lately experienced in going with mules and carts. On arriving at the station, a 'rikisha soon carried us to the home of Brother and Sister Geisler, where we made ourselves presentable for supper. Our host, taken quite seriously ill, was obliged to retire early. The rest of the family, however, enjoyed the evening, singing, reading the Bible, and joining in prayer.

Tuesday was a very busy day arranging our trunks, valises, etc., and holding several conferences with our missionaries, Brother Keihn and Sister Sims, discussing and framing an outline for the work in the territory which had recently been assigned by the National Holiness workers. We also deemed it wise that Brother Keihn and the Chinese preacher should make a tour along each side of the Yellow River, thus gathering the necessary knowledge with reference to the population, altitude, sanitation of the country, and details for fixing on some definite location for headquarters, until the Home Boards of the National Holiness people and the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene should have opportunity to make arrangements for the consummation of the union so much desired. Arrangements were also made for Sister Sims to remain at the home of Brother and Sister Geisler until Brother and Sister Keihn shall have decided upon a suitable place for a mission station.

The time having arrived to make connection with our train, we had a season of prayer with our friends and their household, and bidding them and Sister Sims good-bye, were

accompanied to the station by Brothers Keihn and Geisler, and Mr. Young, a friend of the Geisler family. Having secured tickets, and our baggage being loaded on, we had another season of prayer in the car, then the final farewells were said. Owing to the disturbed condition of the country, my friends advised me to secure a first-class ticket. I also felt the need for a little rest, and by doing this I hoped to obtain a sleeper. However, the train was so crowded I failed in this, and was obliged to spend the night in my chair, but the Lord permitted me to secure a little needed sleep, for which I was very thankful.

Wednesday morning found us still en route for Shanghai. It was a delightful day. We had a very early breakfast. Desiring to improve the time as much as possible, I spent it in taking care of much correspondence, which had accumulated at Tsinanfu while the writer was on the trip to the interior. Consequently we were closely occupied until about 5:00 o'clock, when we arrived at Pucho. This being a terminal of the railway, we embarked on the ferry, to make connections for Shanghai at Nanking. While en route on the Tsinanfu-Pucho branch, we formed a pleasant acquaintance with Miss Doctor Stephenson, of India, who was met by her college friends, Professor and Mrs. Stewart, the writer also being invited to accompany them to their home, some four miles distant on the inside of the walled part of the city. Inasmuch as it was six hours to train time, we were glad to embrace this opportunity. We had a most interesting ride through the interior of the city, and on reaching the home of Brother Stewart found he was in charge of the Y. M. C. A. training school of that city, having about fifty students taking the seven months language course. Many of the old missionaries believe this is a cheaper and more economical way of studying the language than under a private instructor, and they also believe more rapid progress is made. We then took a walk to a noted place located on the top of a high hill, enclosed by the wall. This gave us a splendid chance to gather information concerning the city in a very brief space. As the sun was now fast reaching the Western horizon, we returned with our host to enjoy a pleasant repast and social hour, and then were driven to a hotel outside the wall to await the departure of our train.

To the reader this may seem a little strange, but the great double gates are closed and locked at 9:00 o'clock, and it is almost impossible for persons living on the inside to effect an entrance once these are closed. Professor Stewart found himself somewhat embarrassed, as the time had almost expired, but being acquainted with the gatekeeper, he obtained their promise to allow him to enter if he would return in fifteen minutes. We were soon safely landed at the hotel lobby, where we found our baggage awaiting us and hurriedly said good-bye to our kind friend and trusted that he might not be shut out of the city.

As stated in the earlier part of our narrative, Nanking is a place of frequent disturbances, and in the recent rebellion the demonstration assumed such an aggravated form the rebels took possession of the streets, and looted or burned to ashes over $11,000,000 in value of the splendid business portion outside the walls. Much of the debris still remains, with the exception that here and there an owner with unusual energy has begun reconstruction, with a view of re-establishing his business.

The writer had better fortune than formerly at this station and secured a sleeper for the journey to Shanghai.

Our train pulled into Shanghai exactly on time, at 7:00 o'clock. We were met on the train by the chief porter from Mr. Edward Evan's Missionary Home, as before leaving Tsinanfu we had telegraphed ahead advising that we would arrive on that train. The telegraphic service is now installed at the railway stations all over China.

This man took entire charge of the writer and his baggage, which arrangement was cheerfully acquiesced in, since being thrown on my own resources, and not able to converse with any one in Chinese (no other being available), I was entirely dependent. After he had arranged for my baggage, I insisted on his procuring one of the vehicles used in ancient transportation — the wheelbarrow — for up to this time I had not taken a wheelbarrow ride, but had ridden in mule-carts, 'rikishas, tramways, and finally the railroad cars. He protested, and only after much pressure on our part he finally did proceed to secure the wheelbarrow and load the writer and his luggage on the same. I enjoyed the ride through the city to the mission home; but as the foreigner is supposedly above such modes of

SLOW TRAIN IN CHINA.

conveyance, we furnished much amusement to the natives, as well as to foreigners we chanced to meet on the way. The reader may get a more comprehensive view of this kind of travel by the accompanying picture.

Arriving at the mision home, we were assigned to the same room previously occupied when Brother Keihn was with us. We found a large amount of mail awaiting us, and certainly were thankful to hear from our family, and the workers and work at home. The day was exceedingly trying on account of not having a guide. However, with the assistance of the 'rikisha, a man selected by the chief porter to wheel it, who, I was assured, knew just where we wanted to go, and I need not give myself any worry, I set off on my errands. First visiting the office of the North German Lloyd Steamship Company, I arranged for my booking on the steamship *Derfflinger,* advertised to sail on the 29th. However, the captain had decided to leave on the 28th, depriving me of a third of the time which I had counted on spending here in Shanghai. During the day I had what was rather a serious but yet a most amusing experience. The 'rikisha man, I was informed, knew exactly where I wanted to go, and as I had not the merchant's personal address, I had trusted to him. The way seemed rather long, although there was much of interest en route, and I noticed that the 'rikisha man went up and down one street after another, in rather a puzzled manner and finally began showing increasing signs of excitement, while the perspiration stood out in great beads over his forehead. At last he stood stock still and began gesticulating wildy, until I realized I was lost, as he had no idea of where I wished to go. I did n't know what to do more than to pray to the Lord to deliver me out of my dilema. So, gathering myself together, I recalled the best I could from my former brief stay the location we were now in, and, pointing up the street, succeeded in getting our direction, then, after another hour's ride, we came to the place for which I was seeking. This taught me never again to trust wholly to the chief porter, or 'rikisha man, but provide myself with the address of places I wished to visit, or else to employ a special guide, and thus save myself embarrassment. The

scenery was impressive while the man was wandering about, especially a view from a very fine bridge.

All of the daylight was employed in attending to business affairs, and securing items necessary for the trip to India, so correspondence had to be left for a late hour at night.

Friday, we were permitted to visit the old Chinese city of Shanghai in company with Miss Smith, and Sister Snider, who was stopping with this friend while waiting for the steamship *Derfflinger,* en route for home. Through the courtesy of Miss Smith and one of the Japanese preacher-students in the

RIVER SCENE, SHANGHAI

Angarrack Japanese Mission, we were shown the places of interest. It looked about the same as all the rest of the old Chinese cities, with crowded, filthy, narrow streets some eight or ten feet wide. We desired very much to have made some purchases to carry home with us, but did n't dare to trust our own judgment in the matter, for the Chinese, like other foreigners, always take advantage of the whiteface. Progress has planted her foot firmly in Shanghai, this city on the banks of Wusung, and from her safe abiding place in the foreign city, is surely, slowly, but inevitably to invade and overcome the whole vast empire! It has been within the recent past, the

center of progressive ideas and influences, and so may be expected to remain indefinitely in the future. Much of this is due to contact of its leaders with foreign diplomats and business men, and foreign arms. Whatever may be its future will be due directly or indirectly to the guiding impulse given by the 8,000 imperial white race, rather than to the brute force of the toiling millions of Turanians swarming within the crumbling walls of the ancient Chinese city.

Having spent all the time we could in a survey of this city, we now returned with our party to the home of Sister Snider, where we met the Rev. Mr. Wright, of England, and Miss Hill, the Associate Missionary worker with Sister Smith. Miss Hill, for a long time had been lying at death's door, but was now regaining her health, and it was a benediction to see her face shining and hear her praise the Lord. We were much blessed in the reading of the Word and the prayers of these precious saints.

As our steamer had been advertised to leave the wharf at 5:00 p. m., we found it quite difficult to complete our packing of luggage and filling our several engagements. Lighter garments had also to be secured, as we were soon to enter the tropics; but by an unusual effort, we succeeded in juggling things into the trunks so they could be taken down to the ship. We then rushed over to Sister Smith's mission, and preached to her interesting class of Japanese college students. We were much blessed in our soul, while we preached on the promise and importance of the baptism with the Holy Ghost. One of the students acted as our interpreter. My own heart was warmed as I saw their faces light up when they realized that this promise was to them. I spoke about twenty-five minutes, and this, with the time occupied in interpretation, was about an hour. Feeling that Sister Smith better understood the pupils than I myself, I urged her to give the exhortation, which she did in a few brief and fitting words. We then hastened to the pier. I say we, for Miss Snider was to resume her journey on the steamer *Derfflinger*. Rev. Mr. Wright, Miss Smith, and several of the student body accompanied us to the wharf, and bade us God-speed, singing some sweet songs, and giving us a warm handshake at parting. Soon we felt our launch

moving out into the current, and heard the bells chiming 6:00 o'clock. In a few moments we were alongside our good ship, which, on account of the low tide, had been obliged to anchor two miles down stream.

The writer was shown to his room, number 210, second cabin, the baggage brought in, and the boys tipped a second time, as they were dissatisfied with the first amount given them. We made hasty preparations, and were ready to respond when the gong sounded for supper. A good meal was enjoyed in a large dining room. The clean, white linen, neatly dressed officers, courteous waiters, food nicely cooked and served, impressed us with the sharp contrast in travel by mule-carts.

Supper over, we found mail could be dispatched at 10:00 o'clock; so dispensed with everything else, and worked hard to get off letters to the Home Board and our loved ones, it being nearly midnight when I finally laid aside my work and retired for a little rest.

Saturday, February 28th, our steamer weighed anchor at 6:15, making slow progress until about noon, when we succeeded in getting over the bar and out into the bay, and now the wind being at the stern we made rapid progress. It was not until 4 o'clock in the afternoon that we got out into the clear water, out of the presence of the yellow, muddy current which he Yang-tse pours far out into the sea. We watched the long, receding, monotonous shore, fringed by reeds and low, straggling willows along the margin, and were reminded of the disappointment which overcomes the voyager at his entrance to this seaport, and remains with him during all his journeyings throughout the delta plains, however extensive they may be.

On leaving Shanghai, the writer chose Acts for his devotional readings, and was much impressed during the reading to note the wonderful accounts of the doings of the early church in connection with and after the Pentecostal occasion.

Our steamer was making good time, having covered 360 miles of the distance, leaving but 400 more to reach Hongkong, our next stopping place. The sea was excellent, the steamer rolled somewhat, and some of the passengers were seasick; but, as a rule, the majority were well and cheerful.

The writer was up at an early hour, the night's rest being somewhat disturbed from the fact that prior to leaving Shanghai, and acting upon a friend's advice to be vaccinated because of the reported prevalence of smallpox in the tropics, especially in India, where we expected to spend several weeks, we were beginning to have proof of its effect. Very considerately, the physician had only charged us $7.50 for the process, the regular fee being $10.00 in Mexican money, or half that in American

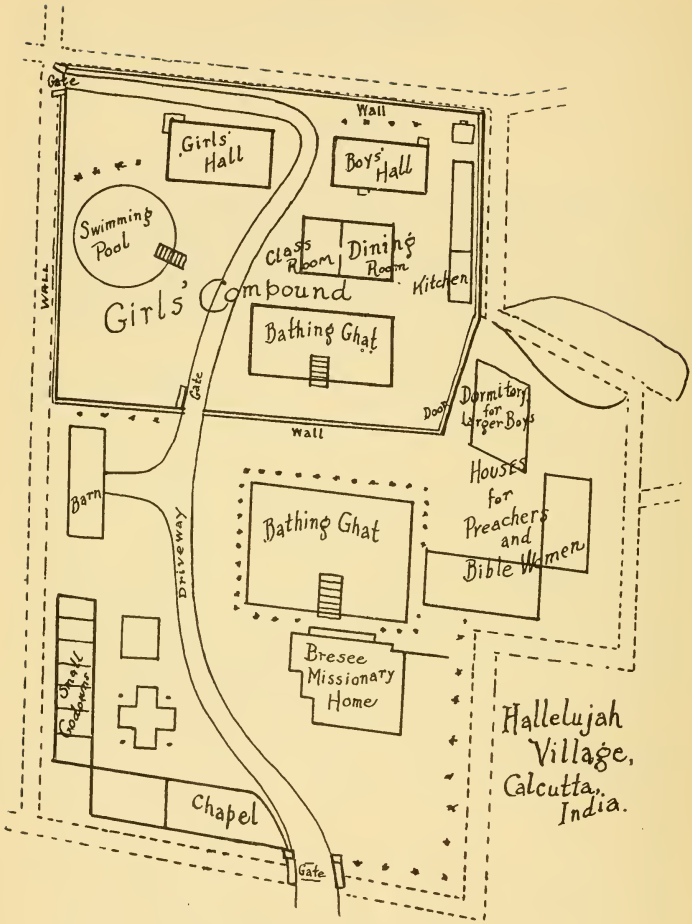
The weather was cloudy and a little showery, but soon cleared, and it was delightful, constantly growing warmer. We had a good appetite and a splendid menu from which to select. The spiritual food from Acts also was very refreshing to the soul. This day was all occupied with clerical work, and arranging for further booking to South Africa, thence to the Cape Verde Islands, then to England and on home. Being so preoccupied with our clerical work, we were considerably surprised when it was announced at 3:00 p. m. that we were entering the Hongkong harbor; and were glad to be able to report to our friends and family, that we were well and being prospered on our trip. Arriving at dock 3:30 o'clock, we took ferry crossing over to Victoria on the Island of Hongkong. This being a British possession, having been ceded to them in the 1840's, is certainly a city of splendid appearance, particularly the English, foreign settlements and business portions. The Chinese part is farther on at the north side of the city. Our first point on landing was to visit the postoffice. Then we went to Cook's agency to get some money changed, and found Miss Snider in company with several tourists from California. We now together took the cable-tramway to what is known as the "Peak," some 1,300 feet above the beautiful harbor of Hongkong. Returning from that, we entered some stores, making purchase of a few curios for wife, daughters, and grandchildren. The stores are splendid concerns, in magnificent buildings, and there is an air of thrift and prosperity over the whole place. Our touring and shopping completed, we entered the launch at 9:15 and were soon aboard the ship, and weighed anchor early next morning, Tuesday, March 3rd, at 9:30 a. m., bound for Singapore, taking the Manila route.

Part III

India

Our final word on China was said as we embarked at Hongkong, Tuesday, March 3rd, taking the Philippine route to India. Stopping at the historic ports of Manila, Singapore, Penang, and Rangoon, we reached Calcutta March 21st, having made the entire distance, about 3,000 miles, in eighteen days, and without any disaster, for which we lifted up our heart to God in grateful praise for His manifold blessings.

Saturday, at dawn, our ship stood in the mouth of the Hogla (Ganges). Here we were met by our dear Brother Eaton. How shocked and grieved we were to note in his sadly altered looks, the traces of his recent severe illness, as well as the hard work he has had to do, disregarding the caution imperative under a tropical sun. After our brief greetings and inquiries as to Mrs. Eaton, the workers and work, he kindly arranged for our baggage transportation, and then, escorting us to the garage, we were driven towards Hallelujah Village. Stopping just long enough to purchase some supplies at the city market, were soon in the lane leading to the mission. Either side of the way was bordered with a profusion of most beautiful flowers, while an array of pendants in many colors were all aflutter, and a handsome banner, as we reached the entrance way, unfolded the word "WELCOME." In the porch, waiting to give us cordial greetings, stood Mrs. Eaton and two of her associate workers, the Misses Grebe. Hardly had we had time to express our pleasure in seeing them once more, when our attention was attracted by voices singing, and turning about we beheld a most beautiful sight: One hundred and twenty inmates of the mission, who, led by their instructors, teachers, and preachers, were marching around the compound singing as they marched, *"Nojushka"* (meaning welcome). Halting in front of us and bowing low in salutation, they joined their voices and repeated several times



HALLELUJAH VILLAGE

Welcome! Welcome! Welcome! They now marched into the chapel, continuing their songs and welcoming, the whole coming to a climax with the rendering in English of "My country 'tis of thee." After a season of prayer, in which all the workers participated, Brother Dwarka, a native preacher, gave the welcome address in English. This was followed by two written speeches, and a poetic oration by Brother Protab, a native preacher. The writer was then requested to make a few remarks, the same brother interpeting for him. Sister Eaton closed with prayer, and we proceeded to the compound for a few pictures.

GATEWAY TO HALLELUJAH VILLAGE

This service was a most impressive time, for it seemed the Lord had poured out His blessing in unusual measure; then, as we looked into the bright, happy faces of those boys and girls, we felt in our hearts how glad the people in the homeland who support the work here would be if they could see the things we saw, and hear the things we heard, and that they would not only give thanks for the privilege of doing what they have done in the past, but would pray to the Father for enlarged opportunity, as well as more consecrated effort, and would want to greatly increase their offerings.

The work of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene in this great empire is divided into two districts known as Eastern and Western India. The Bengali, or Eastern Missionary District, embraces all of India north of Bombay and Madras Presidencies and Central Province; the Western, or Marathi Missionary District, includes all not mentioned in the Eastern.

Hallelujah Village is a plot of land with five and two-thirds acres, about three miles west of Central Calcutta, and is one of its suburbs. A brick wall averaging eight feet in height, enclosed about half this tract. Within are three principal buildings constructed of brick walls and corrugated iron roof, and cook houses and bathrooms of the same material, Hope School being also accommodated here. One building, however, is used for boys' and girls' school, though each have separate houses. The rest of the space is utilized for campus, garden, and water tanks, the latter having been used for washing and bathing purposes until recently condemned by attending physician.

Outside the enclosure, or in the other half of Hallelujah Village, at the front, facing the south, and near the entrance, is the Bresee Missionary Home.

Part of the structure is two stories, with flat roof. The kitchen and dining room have slanting roof, covered with corrugated iron; the floors are of hard dirt with cement coat. At the south of the compound is a long brick building, half of which is used as a chapel.

On the west side is a long, low section of brick walls, roofed with corrugated iron, and divided into rooms for the working class. Further along are the stables, and another brick room for storage. On the east side of the compound are two buildings, one occupied by the native Christian Bengali teachers and preachers, the other by the Bible women. Another house is also being used as a temporary dormitory for the larger boys of Hope School. Much of the space back of the missionary home is occupied by a large garden and tank for irrigating purposes, which latter is also utilized as a fish pond and from which frequent supplies of good fish are taken. Its use for washing and bathing purposes has also been prohibited. There is also a small lawn at the southeast corner of the compound, and adjoining it a garden.

END VIEW BRESEE MEMORIAL

FRONT VIEW BRESEE MEMORIAL

This property is approached by a narrow street, or lane, running off Garrahat Road, about a quarter of a mile south. While our location seems somewhat isolated, it is within the city limits, and we are informed there is no other missionary work of any kind within a radius of one mile. All the country in Calcutta, including our own holdings, is very flat and low, and the luxuriant foliage of tropical plants falling and remaining there, decays with the coming of the rainy season. This, together with the poor drainage, contributes to the malarial tendencies of the district. We also have the disadvantage of being located a little outside of the sanitary zone, consequently, our missionaries, helpers, and scholars have at times suffered greatly from the ravages of fever. However, because of the urgent need, we are encouraged to believe the city council will shortly extend its drainage system; then we shall fill up our tanks. This, together with the removal of decaying vegetation, the erection of new and sanitary buildings, and the relief from surface waters and stagnant pools, will free us from the dreaded mosquito, while it will make suburban property much more healthful. This may cost heavily, but we shall have a valuable property for a recruiting station. We trust the Lord will so prosper us that we shall soon open another station in a higher altitude for the education, training, sheltering, and saving of the homeless and hopeless of this great city. The departments of work might be classified as Orphanage, Rescue Home, and School. Doubtless, the original idea in founding this institution was to provide a home specially for orphans and widows, but in its development and in the very nature of its work, it has been obliged to provide shelter as well as to save, educate, and train all these various classes. The rescue home work is largely that of securing and saving girls and widows from the heathen temples. The day school is for the instruction of orphan boys and girls.

In India, we have two systems of schools, one known as the Grant Aid, the other as the Registered; so we have a school within Hope School which we are hoping to have classified under the head of Grant Aid. Sister Myrtle Mangum, its principal, was succeeding admirably in this purpose until stricken with malaria. However, her visit to the mountains

greatly improved her health, and on her return she resumed the supervision and is making a splendid success. The session is eleven months, the teachers being allowed four weeks' vacation in May — the hottest period. We also have a school outside of the mission ranked under the head of day school, with two teachers, the principal having an assistant. It is a free school, but is not compulsory; consequently, there is much irregularity in the attendance.

In connection with the evangelistic department in Hallelujah Village, we have a Sunday school meeting every week at 7:00 a. m. All our Hope school and those of Hallelujah Village

DINING ROOM, BRESEE MEMORIAL

attend. We have five outside Sunday schools in Calcutta. These Sunday schools are held on Saturdays by the Bengali teachers and preachers in what is known as the Registered Schools. These are private institutions conducted by Hindus who are supported by small tuitions from the parents of pupils attending. By paying these schoolmasters 2 rupees — 66 cents our money — per month, they allow us to hold Sunday schools each Saturday afternoon; one of our Bengali missionary preachers or teachers then taking full charge, giving instruction in the Sunday school lessons, and such other scriptural

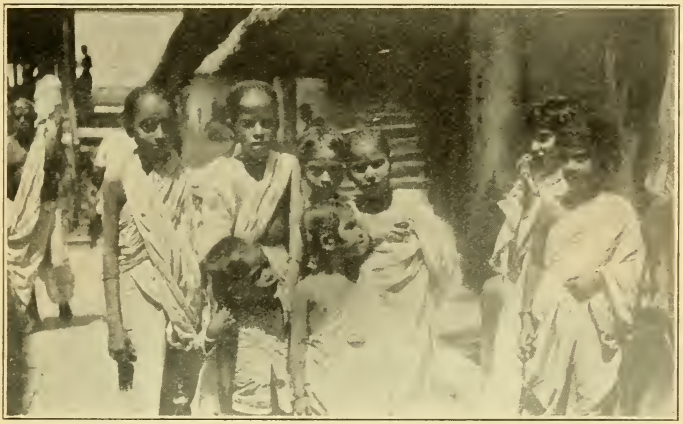
portions as they deem necessary, illustrating the same with pictures, blackboard talks, etc. They are also permitted to teach our doctrines. While this may seem to us in the homeland, a very strange practice, yet we believe it will prove to be very effective in winning and saving souls, and that its results will more than compensate us for the labor and expense attached thereto. It was my privilege to visit all five of these schools.

ONE OF THE OUTSIDE SUNDAY SCHOOLS, CALCUTTA

In addition to what has been said concerning the evangelistic work, we have been conducting a mission in the central part of the city, and have a system of hospital visitation and street meetings.

March 24th, Tuesday, following our arrival, the writer was permitted to visit Kali, the famous shrine of the "Goddess of blood." This is only one of 330,000,000 of their gods, many of which are in and about Calcutta, with its million and a quarter people, the greatest city of India. The day we were there, two hundred goats as well as a number of bullocks were offered to the goddess. Formerly infants were sacrificed here, to propitiate the evil spirits. Among the interesting and pain-

ful sights were the numerous little temple girls, a group of whom may be seen in the picture. It was here we also saw great throngs of people bathing in the Ganges, and were specially impressed as we witnessed a woman throwing herself on the dirt in the street, who, having been at great expense to bathe in the Ganges, had been told by the priest that she must make all the distance from the Ganges to the temple, measuring her length in the dirt along the way. We saw another crowd gathered around one of the fakirs, one of the thousands of so-called



TEMPLE GIRLS, CALCUTTA

holy men of India. The accompanying pictures will give the reader some comprehension of the scene then before our eyes; and the extent and power of this ancient custom which continues to degrade the people of even this generation.

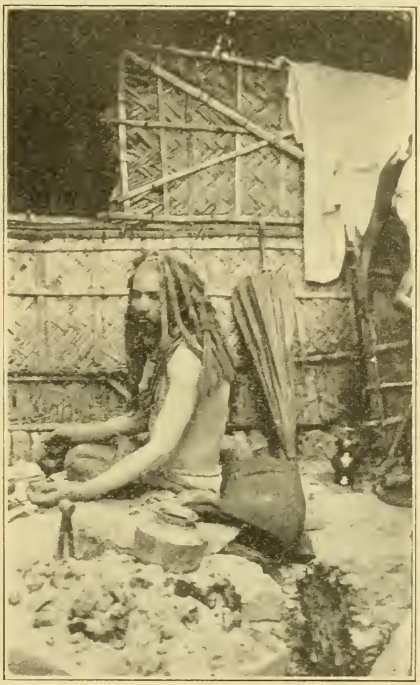
On Wednesday, March 25th, falling into line with the previous plans of Superintendent Eaton, the writer accompanied Sister Eaton and her party of Bengali teachers and Bible women to the Garo work for a brief assembly.

The Garo work is what might be considered the country missionary work of Eastern India. The Garos, numbering possibly 40,000 people, live in the hill country about four hundred miles from Calcutta, and are of a roving disposition.

PILGRIM MEASURING HER LENGTH FROM THE GANGES TO TEMPLE

BATHING IN THE GANGES

Our whole party were very busy during the day, but we were finally ready, and started on the train at 9:00 p. m., making the distance in about twenty hours — three hundred miles by train, the remaining one hundred miles by boat. The scenery along the river was charming. As we approached Mimansingh we saw a number of elephants used in connection



FAKIR IN TEMPLE AT KALI

with the sawmills, and farming and village industries. There were also large numbers of cattle of various kinds, but they all seemed stunted and poor, doubtless because of the recent drought.

Arriving at Mimansingh at 6:00 p. m., we were met by Misses Myrtle Mangum and Lela Hargrove, our missionaries who had

supervision of the Garo work, but who, on account of its unhealthy location and climate, were obliged to make headquarters at Mimansingh.

All of Friday was utilized in arranging for our trip to the Garo Hills country, some twenty to fifty miles beyond Mimansingh, besides the whole night was spent in preparing important reports and documents for the General Board and loved ones at home.

Saturday morning found our party, consisting of Sister Eaton, the Misses Mangum and Hargrove, four Bengali workers, and the writer, ready at an early hour to start for Dockwa, the headquarters of the Garo work, some nineteen miles distant. We were soon loaded into gharries, drawn by small and very poor ponies, which balked before we were out of the front yard. On our way to the ferry, we made a stop to get an abundant supply of soda water, inasmuch as the water in and about Dockwa is unsafe to drink.

The government road from Mimansingh to Dockwa lies through a low, fertile, but beautiful section of country. The highway is elevated eight or ten feet above the surrounding land, and there are streams, also occasional rivers to cross, necessitating the erection of bridges, many of which had been partially or wholly destroyed by the recent floods. We had to disembark at least a dozen times during the day to prevent the vehicle from tipping over. One of these events was made especially trying by both ponies balking in the middle of a wide stream. About 1:00 o'clock, having come to a very fine group of mango trees, our party stopped for lunch. Being refreshed with this meal, the missionaries held a short service. We resumed our journey, arriving at Dockwa about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The accompanying picture will assist the reader in obtaining an idea of the headquarters of the Garo work at this time. We have here about one acre of land, with five native buildings, one for the schoolhouse, one for the schoolmaster's residence, another for a training school, still another as a home for the native preachers and teachers, and a rest house. These buildings are of bamboo walls covered over with grass roofs, and dirt floors raised about two and one-half feet above the balance of the ground to prevent dampness. We

LUNCH HOUR EN ROUTE FOR DOCKWA

ONE OF OUR GHARRIES EN ROUTE TO DOCKWA

gave the purchase price of the land, and the Garos had erected the buildings.

We had only been seated a few minutes with our typewriter, when our attention was claimed by the sound of pat-

DOCKWA MISSION HEADQUARTERS

tering feet and happy voices, and looking out, we saw a company of some seventy-five Garo Indians who had just come from a distance of fifteen to thirty miles to be present at the two or three days' assembly and religious feast. There were men and boys in the crowd, and women carrying their babies; and, notwithstanding the long, hot, dusty walk, as happy as could be.

CANDIDATES FOR BAPTISM, DOCKWA

Sunday, March 29th, was indeed a full day. Beginning at 6 : 00 o'clock, the misisonaries engaged in a meeting of about 150 of the people. These bands are customarily called "good Garos" as a distinction between the Christians and non-Chritsians in this section. The reader, of course, will understand that the writer preached through an interpreter. At the close of this

BAPTISMAL SERVICE, DOCKWA

interesting morning service, we proceeded to the river a half-mile away for the baptismal ordinance.

Not only may the candidates for baptism be seen in the picture, but also the great crowd which had gathered, for it was now 11 : 00 o'clock. About forty-five persons were baptized in this beautiful appearing, but muddy stream. The ceremony

over, followed by the entire company of "good Garos," singing, and beating drums on the march as an aid to expression of their pent-up joy, we returned to the building, where they were dismissed. When our clothing was changed, and breakfast announced, we were certainly ready to welcome the summons, as it was then 3:00 p. m. We had scarcely completed our meal, when a large company of curious Mohammedans, returning from a bazaar, stopped to see the white-faced missionaries. We thought it a good opportunity to hold a short service of song and exhortation. Misses Mangum and Hargrove conducting,

PREPARING THE FEAST, DOCKWA

and the writer making a few brief remarks through an interpreter. At 6:00 o'clock, we held another meeting with the Garos.

Monday, we had another full day, beginning with services for all from 6:00 to 8:00 o'clock in the morning. At 9:00 o'clock we held the dedicatory exercises, for the grounds and buildings, then shortly after 12:00, noon, we found a little time for breakfast.

Above is an interesting picture of the Garos preparing their feast of meat and rice for the people who had come from a distance.

During the day, we held several conferences with the "good Garos" and Bengali teachers and workers. As many of the Garos who had come from the rural districts, were anxious to return in order to get their ground ready and crops planted, it was decided to close the assembly at noon; so as soon as they had had their morning feast they shook hands and said good-bye, taking up their little bundles and children, and starting on the return trip.

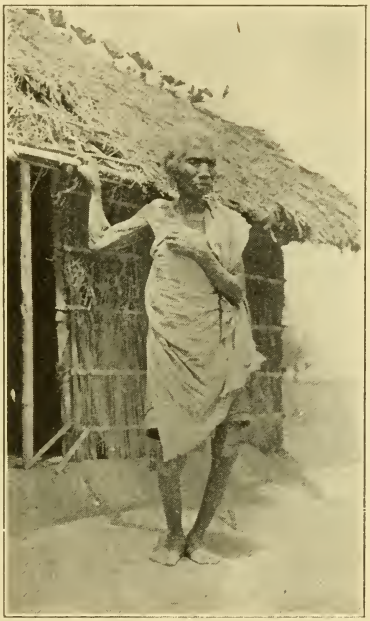
As Sister Eaton was ill, and Miss Mangum had an attack of malaria, it was decided that the missionaries with the Bible women had better return to Mimansingh; while the writer, in company with the Bengali preachers and teachers, Brother Dwarka, and his brother, were to go to the Garo Hills country, a circuitous journey of about one hundred miles. The only conveyance that could be obtained at this busy time of the year was a bullock cart, and this had to be brought nineteen miles from Mimansingh. The writer, with his valise and typewriter, and a limited supply of food and camping outfit, were loaded into the cart. This cart had no springs, and but for the thoughtfulness of Sisters Mangum and Hargrove, we would have been without cover to shelter us from the heat of the sun, or damp of the night. They, however, improvised a canopy of bamboo rods and covered it over with some matting.

We started just as the sun was sinking in the West — that is, the writer, two Bengali preachers, and two Christian farmers. The latter accompanied us to prepare the way for the cart; for this was necessary as there were no roads in the section. We had to drive across rice fields, then through jungles and swamps. We had not proceeded very far when the guides came upon a tiger, which gave them great fright; but it was young and cowardly, and beat a retreat. We continued our journey without further adventure until we came to a river too wide to ford in the night. Consequently, through the courtesy of a rich Mohammedan, we were permitted to rest a few hours in one of the houses on his land. In the morning, Thursday, March 31st, we crossed the river as soon as it was sufficiently light, but we found it too deep for comfort, and our bedding, etc., had to be carried over on the heads of coolies to keep it dry. About 7:00 o'clock we sighted the Garo Hills,

BUFFALO ALONG ROUTE TO GARO HILLS

READY FOR THE TRIP TO GARO HILLS

some six miles ditsant; but the dense fog shut off the view, though it made it cooler riding. Frequently we came upon quite large groves of trees, and would see big herds of native buffaloes. The farmers on all sides were busy preparing the land for jute, this being the first crop. Most farmers make the land do double duty, making a second planting with rice.



MOTHER ALMI, 100 YRS. A HEATHEN,
6 MONTHS A CHRISTIAN

We made our first stop at noon, under a large tree in the yard before the home of "Mother Almi," who is over one hundred years of age.

By looking at the picture, the reader will have some appreciation of her long life of suffering and hardships; and he will see the members of her numerous family. The large man in the group is her son-in-law, 90 years of age, who, she said,

has been very kind to her. These children and grandchildren made quite a congregation. Her six months of Christian experience seems to have rendered her very happy, and she spoke of her joyful experience. After a short service, we indulged in a light breakfast, having our own food, and these kind friends furnishing us hot water. One should never drink water in this section before it is thoroughly boiled.

We continued our journey to Garo Hills School House. The land is low, swampy and broken; but in this section there were quite well beaten paths, so that the jolting of the cart

MOTHER ALMI, CHILDREN, AND GRANDCHILDREN

was not so severe. We noticed, in passing through the country, that nearly all the farmers have been forced to raise jute, which has decreased the rice output; consequently its scarcity makes it very hard for them to live; indeed the "good Garos" find it difficult to sustain themselves and families at all, as formerly they were in the service of the Mohammedans and Hindus, but when they embraced the religion of Jesus and refused to work Sundays, or to beat the drums for idol worship and feasts, their vocation was gone, and their late employers refused to give them any kind of work to do. Consequently, they are looking for some economic movement on the part of the church

GARO HILL SUNDAY SCHOOL

SUNDAY SCHOOL AT CHANDREPURRI

whereby they can secure loans of money and grants of land at reasonable rates. We say reasonable rates, for at present, should the "good Garo" have occasion to hire one hundred rupees, he would have to repay one hundred and eighty rupees at the end of the year; or should he borrow a bushel of rice, he would have to give two bushels in return when harvest time came. They are willing to pay twelve and one-half per cent interest, and to give one and one-half bushels of rice; but just now are finding it impracticable. This is one of the difficult problems to be solved in connection with the teaching of salvation.

The Garo school delegation came from three miles distance, beating drums and cymbals, and singing, and waving many and bright colored banners. This is the customary honor they pay to visitors. Garo school is located with other houses on a high hill, which at a distance looks like a plateau.

This school has seventeen boy and four girl students. On arriving, we held a short service with the goodly company of people who had gathered. As a result, two of them knelt in the circle for prayers. We were especially interested in the testimony of one man from the Hills, who was among the number baptized at Dockwa; and who, since then, has taken off his rings and jewels. He was exceedingly happy as he endeavored to tell the people how he had been converted, and why he had removed the ornaments.

After service, we hastily partook of a rice and chicken curry which the teacher, Brother Gourghandram, had kindly provided. From here, we went to the Balagow church. We were met by a delegation singing and playing musical instruments. We reached the place about 6:00 p. m., where more than one hundred people welcomed us, beating drums and singing Christian songs. They had also erected a temporary shelter of bamboo. As the sun was fast disappearing, we at once proceeded to give them a short message, Brother Dwarka acting as interpreter. We now went to a small stream for the baptism, there being twenty-three applicants; but owing to scarcity of water, we were obliged to administer the ordinance by pouring, which seemed quite satisfactory to them. Returning again to our

temporary shelter, several hours were spent in conferences, during which the representatives of the country told us of their troubles, needs, and desires, expressing themselvs as being very anxious for Christian preaching and teaching. They also stated that they had built a new schoolhouse and living room for the instructor. The writer has the impression as he meets these people and hears their stories, that they are indeed very poor. Most of the boys and girls up to ten or twelve years of age have no clothing, and adults only a meager apology for wearing apparel. We not only listened to their stories of privation, but also of their difficulties. I will venture to mention one or two. One of the men who had had two wives arose and said, through the interpreters (for we now had two of them, as they understood neither English nor Bengali), that while he was away with one of his wives at Dockwa being baptized, the other had gathered up all the household effects and disappeared. He wanted to know what he should do to recover them. I told him that he should tell Moti Babu when he returned, and that he would go with him to the magitsrate, and find out what should be done. Another, a youth, who was about fourteen years old, and married about six months, said his father-in-law had beaten him severely because he had been baptized, and wanted to know what he should do. I also referred him to Moti Babu (who is the chief worker here and seems to be both law and gospel to them), who would doubtless be able to adjust matters for him before the magistrate. These two incidents will afford a suggestion as to some of the problems of our church, as well as those of other denominations who have to deal with the polygamy and ignorance of the people, their poverty, and its associate evils.

It was 10:00 o'clock, and we had finished the conference, when the chief man of the village also sent us in an excellent curry of chicken and rice, after which we were furnished a jar of freshly boiled water for our next day's journey, and a two-quart brass lota of water with which we were expected to take a full bath. The Bengali teachers had anticipated taking a bath in the nearby streams, but on account of the frequent attacks of the tigers, jackals, and cobra, as well as an occasional boa-constrictor, it was considered too great a risk; hence they

waited a more favorable time, which we considered very wise on their part.

April 1st found us holding services with these "good Garos" before dawn. Then we hastened on our way to Shebberry, reported to be three miles away, but in fact six. While en route, the two guides decided *they* would like to see the country from

GARO GOD OF HEALTH

the distant mountain top, and hastened hither, leaving the writer without a guide or interpreter. However, we reached the village sought about 10:00 o'clock, and took some pictures of the "god of health," etc., while awaiting the arrival of our guides. Then, as we had promised to visit the home of a Christian Garo who had begged the privilege of preparing food for us and provender for the beasts, having been informed that it

was but the short distance of two miles, we started to fulfill the engagement. Much to our surprise, and possibly a first of April reminder, we found it was ten miles out of our way. However, the distance was somewhat alleviated by the fact that the "good Garo" had sent out a delegation of people some four miles to escort us in, with the customary banners and musical instruments and songs. He had also erected the customary temporary shelter, and then insisted on our partaking of a rice and chicken curry, after which he desired that his wife and son might be baptized. After the short service, the man stated that his object in inviting us to partake of the feast and visit him was that we might see the new school house he had constructed and send him a preacher and teacher. Indeed, there seems to be a great desire springing up among these people generally for schools and Gospel instruction, and the painful thing about it all is our lack of money.

From here we went to Chandrepurri, where we have a school with eight boys and four girls; and although the instructor, his wife and children, all suffering with malaria, were unable to appear, they had sent out their entire force to welcome us with the customary music and banners. This building has been up about six months, and is a room about twenty by thirty feet, made of bamboo, with a grass roof, and the customary raised, dirt floor.

This had been an exceedingly strenuous day, and the Bengali guides begged to have a little time for resting and feasting, as the head man of the village had been at so much pains to make preparations. Consenting to their earnest request, after their promise to drive all night, the writer proceeded to take up his much neglected correspondence. However, after the feast, the men were still unwilling to proceed, and we were unable to get them started until next morning at 7:00 o'clock. However, the weather was somewhat cooler, and we made fourteen miles in seven hours, a very remarkable distance with our team. Returning the same way we had come, we crossed the river without delay, encamping on its farther shore. We were making arrangements for breakfast, when the rich Mohammedan farmer, learning of our presence, came personally to see us, and desired to make a feast for us. But knowing it would probably require

a day's time to show proper appreciation of such a distinguished honor, and feeling that the time could not be spared, also not wishing to put our missionaries under any obligation, I declined the courtesy of his invitation. However, he insisted on remaining while we partook of our morning meal. Through an interpreter the writer very much enjoyed the conversation wtih this intelligent man concerning the important interests of the country and its people.

At this point, Ramsighn, the head man of Dockwa, advised us that a gharry was waiting to take us back to Mimansingh. On the strength of this, I at once arranged with the driver that if he would hasten on the remaining eight miles to Dockwa, where the gharry was in waiting, I would pay him for the whole of the next day, and he could then proceed to Mimansingh at his leisure. This he agreed to do, and at first made a pretense of hurrying the already weary beasts to a better speed, but it only lasted a few minutes. On arriving at Dockwa at 4:00, it was learned that the man who had been sent with the gharry, having received payment in advance, refused to wait longer than 8:00 o'clock that morning, and returned to Mimansingh, thus leaving us no alternative but to continue our journey in the bullock cart, at the same slow pace. After much palaver, I succeeded in getting the driver's consent to continue the journey. One of the "good Garos" at Dockwa, learning of our return, prepared a feast of chicken and rice curry, and fish, which we received thankfully. We then held a long conference with Moti Babu, who was recovering from malaria, and several other teachers and workers. We new re-adjusted our cart, removed the temporary covering loaned us by one of the village men, loaded our baggage on the open platform, and started with Dwarka and the guide on the last nineteen miles of our ox-trip, making the distance in twelve and a half hours, and arriving at Mimansingh in time to see the train leaving the station just ahead of us.

This last night was exceedingly dangerous. The driver and guide were both asleep, and the writer had to keep trace of the bridges, and frequently it was necessary to catch hold of the frame of the cart to prevent being thrown under the wheels.

Once I narrowly escaped it when the bullock, coming to a river where the bridge was gone, shied and ran down a steep bank, throwing me violently against the wheels, though I managed to keep from going under.

Notwithstanding our intense desire to hasten, we were obliged to remain at Mimansingh another twenty-four hours for the next train. However, we were very glad to get a little much needed rest, and to acquaint ourselves with the place, also to visit the foreign settlement of this important city of twenty-five thousand people.

Arrangements being made for a conference with the missionaries of the Eastern District, Misses Hargrove and Mangum were added to our company, as we took the Saturday morning train for Calcutta; but this, as we learned later, being the day for the bathing feasts, the train was crowded with people desiring to reach the ghats — a term signifying stairway descending into the river. This is a great occasion with the natives, and fourteen thousand people came in on the trains that day, besides several large steamers continued to bring them. When we reached Narayanganj we had opportunity to observe and make a profitable study of the customs of the people gathered at this bathing resort. Everywhere and anywhere one would glance, whether to the streets, or sidewalks, or platforms all were full of the people walking, standing, sitting, or worshiping. And when the time came to leave, so eager were they to go they rushed onto the cars as fast as they were backed into the station, one after the other; and sometimes the men and women actually fought and beat each other in a contest to see who should ride in the already densely crowded coaches.

Embarking from Narayonganj, we traveled by steamer to Goalundo, where we transferred to the train, and had a comfortable journey to Calcutta.

Many events of far-reaching interest were crowded into the time between April 6th and June 10th, necessitating the detention of the writer eight weeks beyond the time originally slated.

The effect of the sun, together with the recent severe malarial attack suffered by Brother and Sister Eaton, had left them in such reduced physical condition as rendered their return to America imperative. Indeed, the attending physician

insisted that their sailing be set for the earliest possible date so as to allow them to escape the dreadful summer heat.

To arrange for their release from responsibility, so that preparations for the long sea voyage could be made, also for us to secure capable, experienced workers, and outline the future policy of the work, was an undertaking of grave proportion. Realizing something of its magnitude, we cabled the Home Board asking that the church observe April 7th as a day of special prayer for missions in India, and, having made such request, we endeavored to arrange for this special work.

Closing our missionaries' home at Mimansingh, we planned for them to come and assist in the work at Calcutta. We also invited Brother L. S. Tracy, Superintendent of the West Indian field, and his wife, to be with us at this time, and called in Evangelist Haas for the occasion. This service continued over the following Sabbath with excellent interest, a number of the Bengali teachers and Bible women of Hope School claiming to have received much benefit.

April 9th, Sister Eaton, realizing the importance of getting ready for the home-going, resigned her superintendency, and Brother Tracy, kindly consenting to have this extra burden placed upon him, was appointed until such time as the General Board should take further action for his successor. Brother Eaton also resigned the treasurership, and Brother Tracy accepted this additional duty. Then, for the best interests of the work, we also found it necessary to accept the resignations of others. In order that the cause should not suffer more than possible, also in harmony with the requests of both the retiring and newly appointed superintendents, and associates, the writer canceled all dates and consented to remain until Brother Tracy and family could arrange their work in West India and move to Hallelujah Village.

The working forces of the mission were re-organized with Miss Myrtle Mangum as principal of Hope School, and Miss Lela Hargrove, matron; while Miss Hulda Grebe was given charge of the religious department, and Miss Leoda Grebe, the dispensary. Having set April 24th as the sailing date for Brother and Sister Eaton and the two Hindu girls they were to take with them from Hope School, the writer found it necessary

MISSIONARIES, BULDANA

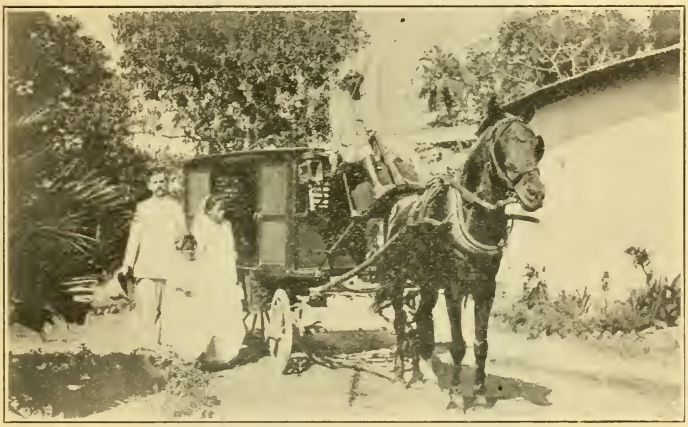
SUNDAY SCHOOL, BULDANA

BROTHER AND SISTER CAMPBELL IN BRITISH MAIL TONGA

PASSENGER TRAIN, INDIA

to make a hasty trip with Brother and Sister Tracy to West India, in order that he might meet them in a conference with their associate missionaries — Rev. Campbell and wife, Rev. Fritzlan and wife, Mrs. Perry, mother of Sister Tracy, and the Misses Olive Nelson and Virginia Roush.

Leaving Calcutta April 16th, we arrived in Buldana the following Saturday at noon. After brief greetings and handshaking, we were refreshed by a bountiful repast, then the afternoon and late into the night was spent in conference with the missionaries considering matters of various and vital importance to this part of our mission field.



READY TO START FOR AMERICA

Sunday was a very precious day. We attended two Sabbath schools, also preached twice during the day.

Monday forenoon was devoted to conference work. Dinner over, we made a hasty trip to the orphanage farm, where we secured some pictures of which we will speak later. After another very brief conference, Brother Campbell and wife and the writer took the "Mail Tonga" for Malkapur. Here they boarded a westbound train at 11:00 o'clock, and the writer, at midnight, found an easternbound train, arriving at Calcutta Wednesday morning, April 22nd.

We will not undertake to mention the several activities of these last two or three days prior to the departure of Brother and Sister Eaton for America. Suffice it to say that all the daylight and much of the night was spent assisting them to secure and pack their trunks, curios, etc., and what made it

THE LAST LOOK

more difficult for them was to learn on Friday that the steamer would sail twelve hours ahead of time previously advertised, thus obliging them to go aboard Friday night instead of Saturday morning. However, by the blessing of the Lord, Sister Eaton was specially helped to endure the trying ordeal. Then,

spending a few hours with the school and mission, the final farewells were spoken, and they were off to the steamer.

We were glad to accompany and in some degree aid them to get located in their rooms. Scarcely had we finished this little service, when the gong sounded warning all the non-voyagers ashore. But Saturday morning, learning that the steamer, the *Japan,* was anchored downstream, we arranged to give them a little surprise. So, taking a launch, we were carried alongside their vessel, and, going aboard, had a last season of prayer and conference with our returning missionaries.

May 2nd, Rev. Brother Tracy and wife, with their three children, and Sister Ella Perry, mother of Mrs. Tracy, arrived at Calcutta, and he began his official responsibilities. The time between their arrival and May 11th, when the writer was to leave for Western India, was wholly given over to the establishing and re-organization of the work, and in endeavoring to help them, as best we might, to put the new regime in operation.

The writer, unaccompanied, now began his second trip to the Marathi District for the purpose of inspecting our own missions as well as those of other people of similar faith and practice. Two nights and a day, our train bore us safely across the broad expanses of India's thickly inhabited acres. Now it would be along some irrigated river valleys — the British have expended $150,000,000 to redeem the arid lands of the country — again we were climbing a densely wooded height, or hurrying over some great stretch of hilly, dry-farming section, where the crops varied from rice, cotton and kaffir corn to those suited for the poorer soils. There were also numerous flocks of goats and sheep and herds of cattle, all stunted and poor. As our train sped by, passing through cities and numerous villages, we would catch sight of multitudes of people, many of whom were wretchedly clothed.

May 12th, we spent on the train. The bountiful lunch so thoughtfully provided by Sister Tracy and the missionaries was greatly enjoyed, especially the birthday cake — for it was the writer's sixtieth anniversary — a day full of many serious but thankful reflections.

Arriving in Igtapuri early Wednesday, May 13th, and being met by Rev. and Mrs. Campbell, we were conducted to our mis-

sion home, and there much refreshed by chota hazaree, i. e., a small breakfast, with our missionaries, though the respite was very brief, as we were obliged to press on, Brother Campbell accompanying us as guide and interpreter, adding much to the enjoyment of the journey.

We took the early train for Khardi. This is a short but most interesting route over the Eastern ghauts. We were met at the station by Rev. Roy Codding, Superintendent of the Pentecostal Mission work of India, which has since united with the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene. As we had had the privilege of meeting this good man and his wife at the General

CODDING STATION, KHARDI

Assembly at Nashville and in our home in Chicago, we were delighted to renew the acquaintance.

Brother Codding has a very good mission, well located, it being near the top of a range of hills. They are also favored with a well of very fine water. At this station we had the privilege of meeting Miss Carpenter with her native workers and two of the orphans. At night we had a very interesting service, at which a goodly company of native Christians were assembled. However, as it was vacation time, and both the teachers and pupils were away, we did not see the orphanage at its best.

Next morning we had an early farewell, and resumed our journey for Bombay. The scenery all the way, from the rugged mountain peaks to the second greatest city of India, was charming. Our time was greatly limited, but by the help of our kind Brother Campbell and the tramways, gharries, 'rikishas, etc., we

MISS CARPENTER AND NATIVE ORPHANS

saw much of it in a few hours. Yet, because of the rapidity of our trip in this town, the knowledge of it must necessarily be very superficial, unless it may be we are privileged to speak of the famous Queen Victoria Terminal. After hastily visiting the noted Bombay docks, we entrained for Mukti, arriving in the afternoon at Khedgaon, where we found the good tonga

waiting. We drove to the village of Mukti, where Pandita Ramabai greeted us very cordially in a few well chosen words, her daughter interpreting. We were then committed to her trusty lieutenant and shown about her village, where she has thirteen hundred girls and widows in homes, all of them employed in various occupations, such as lace-making, and rug factories, and bookbinding, and printing establishments. Then we visited the hospitals, consumptive ward, rescue home, and a

MISS GRAHAM IN MEDICAL WORK

church large enough for the attendance of the whole village. We were also permitted to take some pictures, and saw her celebrated wells. These furnish her village water supply, and also that for the irrigation of the two hundred acres of her farm. We had a drink form the one that never failed in all that terrible drought of 1908. On the return trip, we came

through Poona, a Methodist school town. Brother Campbell was much overcome by the heat here. At the station we were met by Superintendent Cramer, of the Alliance Mission work, also Professor S. L. Joshi, of Baroda State College, formerly of the Pentecostal Collegiate Institute, and a graduate of Columbia College, New York.

We were somewhat relieved from the oppresive heat as we re-crossed the mountain ranges just before reaching Igatpuri about 4 p. m. After a brief period for rest, we enjoyed a few hours of the evening upon the shores of a small lake up the

MISSION PROPERTY, IGATPURI

mountain side, in company with Brother Campbell and family, Rev. Whittle and wife, and Miss Leonard.

Sunday, May 7th, was an exceedingly hot day, and found us in very poor physical condition for its several duties; but by the grace of God, we were able to preach night and morning to the congregation of the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which Rev. Mr. Whittle was the pastor.

Early Monday morning we made a tour of the city, securing some pictures; then, after hasty preparations, took the train for Dhulia. However, we were obliged to go without a guide, for at the last moment Brother Campbell was feeling the heat

so seriously as to compel his waiting for a later train. Having made connections at Chalisgaon in the middle of the night, we took a 6:00 o'clock train for Dhulia, and were met at the station by two catechists from the Long and Williams mission.

While not a word they said could be understood by the writer, yet believing they were the parties for whom we were looking, we went on with them, and were not disappointed; for we soon came to the desired haven and were most cordially received by Misses Long and Williams.

Dhulia is a fine city, with about 35,000 population. The missionaries have desirable property here, some ten acres of

COOLIES CARRYING BAGGAGE, IGATPURI

ground surrounding it, half enclosed by substantial stone wall, and there are several good buildings. They have forty-eight girls in this orphanage, three native preachers, and two Bible women. There are about four hundred villages in their parish. Their main difficulty is to be able to care for the work so rapidly increasing on their hands under the rich blessing of God during the past twelve years. We were now rejoined by Brother Campbell, who, having been greatly strengthened of the Lord in answer to prayer, was able to come on the later train.

LONG AND WILLIAMS MISSION, DHULIA

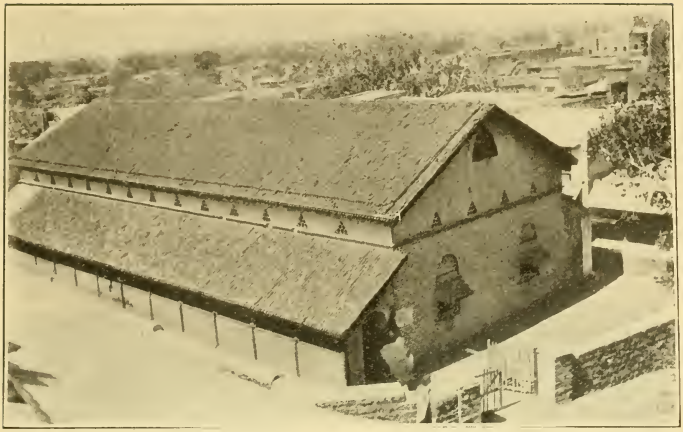
BHEEL QUARTERS, JAMNIER

Wednesday forenoon we had a very interesting service with about sixty of the folks on the compound, Miss Williams acting as interpreter. Considerable time was spent in conference with reference to their work. Then, indulging in a few hours visitation of this interesting Hindu city, we finally started on a late train for Jalgaon, reaching our destination in the middle of the night. We were met the following morning by Rev. A. D. Fritzlan, who took us to the Dok Bungalow. We remained here until about 5:00 o'clock; then, in company with this brother, we went to Jamnier in a bundy (two-wheeled pony cart), making most of the trip after sundown, it being somewhat the cooler time to travel. We had a good modern road — the British government is noted for its activity in the construction of such highways throughout the whole land — so we made very good time, and, arriving at the Dok Bungalow two miles from the town at 12:00 o'clock, we were able to sleep a little during the remainder of the night. We had hoped to continue our journey into the town at an early hour, but the ponies were so completely exhausted it obliged us to hunt another team in which we did not succeed until noon; then the oxen were so poor and jaded, it was with the greatest difficulty we made the rounds through the town and its outskirts.

This being Brother and Sister Fritzlan's station, we desired very much to thoroughly acquaint ourselves with their work and prospects. We also visited a plot of ground which our missionaries hope to purchase and secured pictures of same; and through their courtesy we obtained a view of the section occupied by the Bheels, a contiguous mountain tribe noted for their roving disposition and barbarous habits.

The accompanying picture will give some idea of the squalid condition of their portion of the town. Brother Fritzlan is much encouraged with the result of his work among this class of people, as well as with the Hindus and Mohammedans.

We were much interested in visiting the building where our missionaries had all along made their headquarters. As seen in the illustration, it is quite a substantial structure, though it is in a very unhealthy location. Because of the desire of one of the returned missionaries to purchase this property, the writer made a careful inspection, but was obliged to bring in an un-



HOME OF MISSIONARIES AT JAMNIER, INDIA

COURT WHERE SUNDAY SCHOOL IS HELD AT JAMNIER

favorable report and against its desirability for a permanent home.

The two windows in the front of the building locate the room in which Miss Simmons died with smallpox after a lingering and distressing illness. From here we went to the lone grave of this faithful missionary and held a brief season of prayer; then we proceeded to the home of our native preacher. Here they provided us with a fine repast, and we rested a little while. The noon meal finished, we had a short service during which three of their children were baptized. The accompanying picture will furnish some idea as to where we carry on our

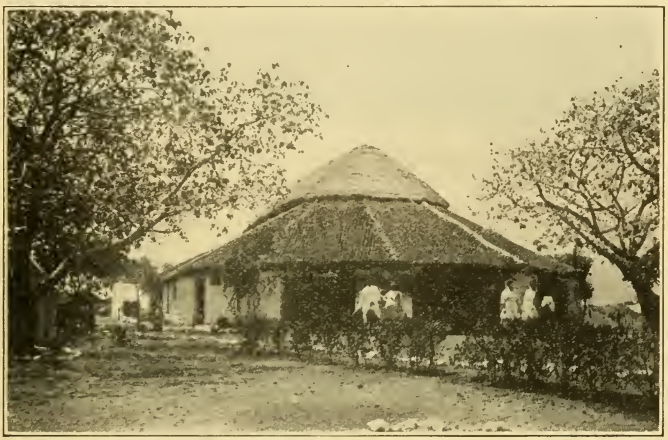
RETURNING FROM JAMNIER BY PONY BUNDY

preaching and Sabbath school work, as we have heretofore been unable to secure a building for that purpose.

Though this was reputed the hottest day of the year in India, yet because of the shortness of time and the vast amount of work to be accomplished, we were obliged to hasten on in our bundy.

We had gone only a little way, and were just across a river when one of our horses seemed to utterly fail, leaving us with luggage in hand to find some other means of conveyance before we could make connections with the Jalgaon train. We made a

prayer to God, then Brother Fritzlan, being acquainted with the village police in Neri, made known his needs to that official, who very courteously sent a servant with his own horse and bundy to take us the rest of the distance. Though we made fine progress, owing to the delay just mentioned we reached the station three-quarters of an hour late, so took a later train and arrived at Malkapur at 8:00 o'clock. We then thought to have proceeded at once to Buldana by auto-stage; but the driver was tricky, and, being offered more money by others, made several trips to Buldana before taking us up at 6:00 o'clock. This was



BULDANA BUNGALOW

another hot and exceedingly wearisome day, and we had traveled all the previous night; but we found the grace of God sufficient to sustain us through it all, and reached our destination about 9:00 p. m.

Buldana being the government headquarters for the Berar District, the administration is endeavoring to perfect a sanitary system, and inaugurate a hydrant water supply plant. This, with its favorable altitude, twenty-three hundred feet, makes it desirable as a mission location, both from a practical and hygienic viewpoint. Besides a building in central Buldana for

CHAPEL AND TRAINING SCHOOL, BULDANA

BULDANA DISPENSARY

BULLOCK TONGA AND NATIVE PREACHER'S HOUSE, BULDANA

FARM IMPLEMENTS

Sabbath school work, and one in the suburbs for native preachers, we have also a seven and three-quarter acre tract occupied by a bungalow, chapel, orphanage, dispensary, and other accessory buildings, with a never-failing well.

Sunday, May 24th, we had a good day spiritually at Buldana, and preached both morning and evening.

WELL AT BULDANA FARM

Monday, May 25th, we took a horseback ride to the farm, where we secured several pictures of our most excellent well, it having stood the test of several protracted droughts, not only furnishing the supply for our mission, but also a good portion of that needed by the government officials of Buldana. We also took pictures of our farm implements and the farmers' children.

which will enable the reader to form quite an accurate idea as to the way the little folks of the Indian rural districts are allowed to grow up until they are about ten or twelve years of age.

Tuesday, May 26th, Brother Campbell and the writer visited Makha, some forty-two miles distant from Buldana. We were comfortable in making this trip, fortunately by auto. Leaving

COUNTRY CHILDREN

Buldana after lunch, we reached the place early in the afternoon. Leaving the auto at the Dok Bungalow, we proceeded afoot through the town and its outskirts, taking pictures of the land recently purchased for headquarters, and where our missionaries make their home. This structure is so run down it is impossible for them to live in it more than six months in the

year, and the remaining portion of the time they reside at our mission property in Igatpuri. A severe sandstorm now impeded our progress, yet we obtained considerable data with reference to this station. This purpose accomplished, we returned in the auto to the junction of roads near Chickli, some twenty-eight miles, where we found Brother Fritzlan waiting in his pony tonga. Joining him, we proceeded fourteen miles towards Manubai, Brother Campbell continuing in the auto to Buldana. We reached the Dok Bungalow about midnight, and, securing a little refreshment, were able to rest our bodies, but could not sleep,

CAMPBELL'S RENTED HOUSE, MEHKAR

for we had to combat the usual plagues to missionaries — fleas, mosquitoes, and prickly heat.

The British administration is especially to be commended for two features of its policy with reference to the traveling public; first, for the system of excellent highways throughout the empire; second, for the shelter houses, or Dok Bungalows, which are substantial sun- and fire-proof way stations of stone brick or concrete, and tiled roof. These structures, primarily erected for the use of the government traveling agents, such as the judiciary, peace officers, and tax collectors, when not occupied

by them are at the disposal of foreign tourists or missionaries. Always there may be found a native in charge who, the governments expects, will show you every needful courtesy, and for a reasonable sum provide suitable food. This, of course, varies with the season. The system plans for one of these bungalows to occur every seven to fourteen miles on its public highways. This gives the traveler of interior India many advantages over those making journeys in the remote sections of China and Africa, where it is difficult to find either proper shelter or food.

Wednesday morning we were up early and on our way to

WOMEN DRAWING WATER FROM MANUBAI WELL

the village of Munabai, some six miles distant. This was off the government thoroughfare, and, on account of recent copious rains, the roads were very muddy and heavy pulling for our light team. We made a brief stop at this interesting place, of which the accompanying picture will enable the reader to form some conception. We found our native congregation here preparing to erect a church building. The readers of our church paper will doubtless recall the story of the "Miracle Well — an answer to prayer"; and how during one of the severest droughts, a little band of Christians accustomed to assemble here in the

CHICKHLI MISSION

heart of the village for daily devotions, were led of the Lord to dig for water, and succeeded in finding it. The writer enjoyed preaching to the people who had gathered about him, Brother Fritzlan interpreting. While the surroundings were not all that could be desired, they served as illustrations of tens of thousands of other Indian villages that have need of the Gospel light.

Among other points visited was that of a noted banyan tree fifty feet in circumference. As much as we enjoyed this portion of our trip, we were obliged to hasten on to the Dok Bungalow

HOUSE AND WELL AT HATADI

where we were refreshed with lunch and a few hours' rest, and resumed our journey at sundown, driving the other fourteen miles to Chickli. Pressed for time, we at early dawn were out prospecting the surrounding country. We especially inspected the land which Brother Tracy and his colleagues propose purchasing, should the General Board decide to locate its hospital here, when Miss Gibson shall have returned after completion of the course and graduation at the Women's Medical College of Philadelphia.

The accompanying pictures will be of special interest as being the places where our missionaries, the Misses Gibson,

Hitchens, Mrs. Perry, and others, have made headquarters in connection with the Chickli work. The Lord prospered us in this part of the journey, and we were in Buldana by noon, spending the rest of the day in correspondence and conferences with the missionaries. Friday, May 29th, Brother Fritzlan and the writer went out to Hathadi, seven miles distant. On the way, we saw a band of monkeys and endeavored to photograph them, but they were too spry for us, and retired to the depths of a mango tree. We also failed to get a picture of a large snake which went gliding away, trailing its six or eight feet of length; but we did get a view of our native preacher's home, with its

BROTHER FRITZLAN'S PONY TONGA

well and accompanying grounds. We also saw another banyan tree some ninety feet in circumference.

We arrived in Buldana in time for lunch; then, as it was our purpose to at once proceed to Calcutta, we held a brief conference with the missionaries in the aftrenoon, and bade goodbye to Brother Campbell, who now returned to his family at Igatpuri. We were unable to carry out our purposes for return to Calcutta, as there was not a seat to be had either in atuostage or mail tonga; so that evening we conferred with Brother Fritzlan in reference to the future of the West India work,

he having been appointed assistant superintendent to Brother Tracy.

While obliged to hasten during this survey, we believe the reader, by the assistance of the accompanying pictures, will find no difficulty in drawing the conclusion that we have a very excellent opportunity for mission work in this Western India District, more particularly since the union of forces of the Pentecostal Mission with the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene. The work of both bodies — very favorably located for such a union of forces — all lies within a radius of two hundred miles; besides, if the Misses Long and Williams decide to join us, it will bring us their excellent girls' orphanage, together with Superintendent Codding's boys' orphanage at Khardi, and the Buldana town property with the Bible Training School, the Industrial School, and farm of twenty-two acres, with unfailing water supply. It seems we are in splendid shape to do aggressive and successful work for the Master.

Too much can not be said in praise of this self-sacrificing missionary band who are proving their Divine call by their loyal and untiring devotion to the arduous and complicated work entrusted to them.

Saturday, May 30th, we had our final farewell with the missionaries of Buldana and proceeded to Dhulia, where we spent Sabbath day, preaching morning and evening. Monday following, i. e., June 1st, in order to render proper account to their friends in the home land, also to make intelligible report to the General Board, we had a further conference with the Misses Long and Williams to secure necessary additional information with reference to their work. Then, bidding them good-bye, we hurried on to Calcutta. We spent the major portion of two days and nights en route, arriving at destination June 3rd, 7:00 a. m., having had a most prosperous journey, though we did feel oppressed with the heat, more particularly as the coolie had broken the water jug when we were entering the car, and we had had to do without all the way, it being considered hazardous to drink water without first boiling it.

From June 3rd to June 10th, the time of our sailing for Africa, Superintendent Tracy and associate missionaries with the writer, were strenuously occupied.

As we have just shown, our working force, always too small, was now quite depleted; for, in addition to the absence of those previously mentioned, Sisters Hulda Grebe and Mangum were not well, and the humid heat seriously affecting Sister Perry, these faithful women had to go up into the mountain resorts. Their condition was also such it was necessary for Sister Leoda Grebe to accompany them as nurse. This now left only Brother Tracy and wife and Miss Hargrove to care for the entire work at Hallelujah Village, and we regretted our inability to render these faithful and overworked missionaries some practical assistance.

Time will not permit the mention of the many courtesies shown the writer both in Western and Eastern India, but he is sure the Heavenly Father will not fail to take cognizance of it all, and will abundantly reward all their kind acts.

June 9th, the day preceding that of our departure was unusually full of interesting events.

A number of pictures had to be taken; then there was a delightful feast made in honor of the writer, to which the missionaries were invited — this banquet being provided by the assistant matron and cooks of Hope School. It was what the natives call a "coopbalou," i. e., "a very good feast." They had chicken-rice curry, rice-fish curry, fried chicken, vegetables, rice-pudding, sweetmeats, and different fruits, such as mangoes, plums, etc. A brief social hour ensued, interspersed with songs and closing with prayer; then we said a final farewell word. The writer very much enjoyed and appreciated it all, particularly as its abundance had been provided out of their poverty. Surely the Lord will reward them. Then we were busy until the small hours of the morning packing our several trunks, and valises for the long voyage from Calcutta to South Africa, being kindly assisted in this by Brother Tracy and wife, and Miss Hargrove.

As it had been necessary to prolong our stay in India so much beyond the time arranged for, the writer changed his route, which would have taken him through Suez Canal, with stops at Jerusalem, Cairo, Alexandria, Athens, Rome, Naples, Genoa, Paris, and Southampton, and by West Coast to South Africa, thence to the United States via Cape Verde Islands and Scotland. Instead of that, and in order to save much valuable

time, we took direct steamer from Calcutta to Delagoa Bay, East Coast, South Africa.

The early portion of Wednesday was spent in getting off much valuable mail, and in putting the finishing touches to our packing, as well as securing more pictures. It was an extremely hot day, and we were much burdened by the pressure of manifold duties as well as the intense heat.

Lunch completed, we gathered once more in the place where we had been wont to assemble for prayer and committed these precious missionaries, making such glad and voluntary sacrifice of their lives in the Master's cause, to the loving and watchful care of our Heavenly Father. Then we said good-bye to Sister Hargrove. Brother and Sister Tracy, with the three children, accompanied me to the dock. We stopped on the way to purchase an additional trunk for the curios which somehow seemed to have accumulated. Boarding the *Surat*, there were no deck chairs to be found, and as it was to be a voyage of several weeks' duration in a tropical climate, it seemed necessary we should have this comfort. So Brother Tracy kindly made an extra trip and secured one for us. At 9:00 o'clock, the final good-bye and God-bless-you had been said, and we had bidden farewell to India.

Part IV

Africa

Leaving Calcutta, June 10th, we reached Delagoa Bay, July 7th, making the voyage of six thousand miles in twenty-seven days, with only two stops in port — the first at Colombo, Ceylon, June 18th. We resumed our journey Tuesday, the 19th, having been in a steady monsoon all the way. Monday, June 22nd, 6:00 p. m., we crossed the Equator. At this point we missed our guiding North Star — but came into full view of the Southern Cross. June 23rd was a sad occasion on deck, as our fourth engineer was buried at sea.

Our second stop was at Biera, the outlet of Odessa, East Coast, South Africa. As we advanced south from the Equator, the weather became considerably cooler, and passing along the eastern coast, the monotony was only broken by shoals of whale, shark, and dolphin. Finally, at 7:00 p. m., July 7th, we bade Captain Plummer and his officers a grateful goodby, and were landed at the pier of the gateway of South Africa, Lourenco Marquez, Delagoa Bay.

While waiting for Rev. H. F. Schmelzenbach, superintendent of our missions in Swaziland, the writer being unable to speak either the Zulu or Kaffir, at first encountered considerable difficulty in transacting business; but at length, succeeded in getting his baggage through the customs. Then he returned to the pier, and shortly saw a man coming in the distance, whom he guessed to be our good Brother Schmelzenbach; and although never before having met, we readily recognized and greeted each other and joined in a season of prayer and thanksgiving. Brother Schmelzenbach having made two trips to meet the writer, and on the last one being obliged to wait two days for our delayed steamer, had become quite familiar with this Portuguese city; so we very quickly dispatched mail, banking, and other business.

Leaving Lourenco Marques at 1:00, we traveled about one hundred miles by train, passing through a very barren country, much broken by numerous streams with heavily wooded banks, and wide stretches of plateau covered by rank, coarse grass, the favorite haunt of elephant, hippopotamus, giraffe, lion, tiger, leopard, and various species of deer and fowl. We had on our train several sportsmen who seemed able to indulge in the hunt — an expensive privilege, as license costs $250.00.

At 5:00 p. m. we arrived at Hectorspruet, well termed the "gateway to Swaziland," for it is at this station all imports as well as passengers have to be taken into Swaziland over the

TRAIN AT LORENCO MARQUES

"transport road," either by oxen, mule or donkey inspans. Here, as soon as Brother Schmelzenbach had purchased a good stock of necessary canned goods, with a few vegetables, and the indispensable tin lantern and candles, we were loaded with our baggage into the touring wagon, with seven donkeys and mule attached — the latter a saddle animal having been pressed into service instead of donkey, which had broken its leg. We had only gone a short distance outside of the railway enclosure when we outspanned (unhitched) and enjoyed a supper of bread, Australian canned butter, apple jam, and hot coffee. By this

time the full-orbed moon appearing above the treetops, flooded the whole country with its calm light, and our animals, drivers, and three Peniel Mission boys, all being thoroughly rested, we drove until 12:00 o'clock midnight, before outspanning. Very thirsty, yet not daring to drink the germ-laden water of this section, we had a cup of hot tea and retired, all except the native drivers and boys, who would not sleep until they had first prepared and eaten some beef procured on the way. The writer slept in the "Pullman department" of our wagon — better understood by a picture which will follow; Brother Schmelzenbach slept under the wagon, with heavy blankets spread to

FIRST MORNING EN ROUTE FOR SWAZILAND

protect him from the dampness of the ground, and a canvas thrown over the front of the vehicle to shield him from the fog. The natives had their mats on the ground, and slept under canvas, while the donkeys were turned loose to find their own provender. Notwithstanding his variety of experiences traveling in China, Japan, and India, sleeping in a wagon was a new phase in the chapter, and it was a long time before the writer could induce sleep. Hardly had he lost consciousness when he was awakened by the mule, tied to the back of the wagon, nibbling industriously, trying to get his nose in the can where some of the corn (mealie) was stuck to the bottom and

beyond his reach, and of course furnished music for some time. At 3:00 o'clock we awakened quite chilled; but after a good face bath in cold water and cup of hot coffee prepared by Brother Schmelzenbach, we were soon quite ourselves, and became busy writing up the trip until breakfast, an hour later.

Scripture reading and prayer over, we were ready for our second day's journey.

We spent much time reading the accumulation of mail which had been waiting us in Swaziland. Our morning's progress was uninterrupted save a meeting with a corps of well-armed and superbly mounted police. We also met a

BROTHER SCHMELZENBACH BUYING PUMPKIN OF NATIVE

government rig drawn by six fine mules, and an auto party in search of big game in the bushveldt country.

At noon, we outspanned at a little brook under a noble tree, and a native woman, chancing by with a basket of vegetables — women do all the farming — Brother Schmelzenbach, in order to engage her in conversation, purchased a large pumpkin, then asked if she knew anything about God. She answered, "How should I know anything about Him?" He further inquired whether any one had ever come there to tell her about God. "No," she replied, "none have ever come to tell me about Him." Brother Schmelzenbach informed me that in this Trans-

vaal region, thirty-five miles to the boundary of Swaziland, there are 40,000 or more natives among whom no missionary work of any kind has ever been done, so far as he has been able to ascertain, and that they absolutely know nothing of the true God. He assured me that this vast area over which we had passed was adjoining our mission in Swaziland, and was ours if we could take hold of it. Surely we can say with the inspired writer, there is a great and effectual door opened unto us.

We next enjoyed another of Brother Schmelzenbach's good dinners, then we resumed our journey. The mail which had awaited us so long was full of news of our family and the work, but also sad tidings of severe illness of General Superintendent Walker and of our local pastor in Kansas City, Mo., Brother Cochran. We made a good distance, outspanning at 9:30 p. m. After light refreshments we retired, wrapping ourselves in clothing, blanket and rugs — not however, until we had given special thanks for God's providence; for, during the afternoon, our driver had killed a large puff-adder on the side of the road where three of the boys and donkeys had passed but a moment before. Had either man or beast been bitten, it would have meant certain death in half an hour's time, so deadly is the venom of these reptiles.

July 9th, Thursday. Breakfast, followed by a very helpful season of famliy worship in Zulu tongue. Driving an hour, we came to a small brook for our morning face-wash and general cleaning up — usually one is not favored with plentiful water supply, as those familiar with the country always select camps as far away from streams as possible before outspanning at night. The day was similar to previous ones, save we saw more of the natives. It was also a day of special interest, as we were approaching the mountains dividing Swaziland and Transvaal on the north and west. This is a good section for grazing, also for raising mealie and pumpkins — the principal native diet — or kaffir corn where mealie will not grow on account of insufficient rain. At noon we stopped in fine location, which afforded a good view of picturesque mountains, some peaks attaining an elevation of several thousand feet, and capped with snow. During the day we passed another store, the second

within a radius of forty miles, and were quite encouraged, as it is considered the half-way place between Hectorspruet and Peniel Mission. After dinner we inspanned and made a five mile run, stopping about 10:30.

Friday, June 10th, up at 6:00; air cold and crisp, but clear; delayed quite awhile by donkeys having strayed up the canyon, and by time we had had prayers and inspanned it was 10:00 o'clock. Had a slow run, as hills had become very steep. Aside from Brother Schmelzenbach's occasional talks with natives, the day passed as the one just previous. We outspanned at the top of a long hill, and while dinner was in preparation, improvised a barbershop — the first attempt in this direction since disembarking; also made up mail for 3:00 o'clock runner whom Brother Schmelzenbach dispatched to intercept the outgoing foreign post at Pigg's Peak. Near the place of our outspanning was a fine waterfall where the Pigg's Peak Gold Mining Company have an electric plant, generating and conducting their own power to the crusher seven miles up the mountains. A two hours' drive up the mountains brought us in sight of Grace Mission on a distant peak, one and one-half miles to our right; but it had been arranged that we were to go direct to Peniel, where Sister Innis, who is in charge of Grace Mission, had preceded us. However, several of her Christian band, led by the native evangelist, came out to greet us. We had a splendid season of song and prayer, then bade them good-bye, continuing our journey, and leaving the main transport road at sundown. Fifteen miles we followed this old, long-neglected road, which was so badly washed and winds about such steep precipices and ravines, it was at times unwise to remain in the wagon lest it be overturned. Our pace was slow, the beasts exceedingly weary, the baby donkeys quite footsore. We outspanned at the top of a hill four thousand feet in altitude. Moon came up bright and clear, but weather cold; so after a bowl of hot rice and chicken soup, we toasted our feet before the fire, and rolled up in blankets for a few hours' rest.

Saturday, July 11th, up early readjusting baggage for the dreadfully rough and steep road requiring twelve or fourteen hours by this conveyance. It was thought the remaining eight miles could be made in better time by going ahead of the wagon,

so we set out — the writer on the mule and Brother Schmelzenbach walking. The scenery was enchanting — mountains hemming us in on all sides, some distant peaks rising seven thousand feet in altitude, and capped by snow. As we progressed, it was necessary every now and then to dismount and pick our way, down the canyons and up the hillsides. At length at 11:00 o'clock, we came to Peniel Mission, the long-desired haven, nestling forty-five hundred feet up the mountain side, whose great, round top towered yet another five hundred feet above the little church and home. A hundred yards from the premises was a

MORNING CALLERS AT OUR CAMP

small orange grove heavily laden with fine fruit, and alongside were a number of thrifty banana plants, both located by a little brook. Reaching the mission, Sisters Schmelzenbach and Innis made us heartily welcome. How refreshing it was, after so many weeks of travel, to sit down to a meal of good meats, fresh vegetables from the garden, real milk, and homemade butter and bread. After our repast, we hastily scanned the mail, and afterwards briefly inspected the mission property, being especially interested in the new stone church. In the afternoon we had an excellent service with missionaries and some fifty natives, most of them professing Christians. The wagon arrived at about

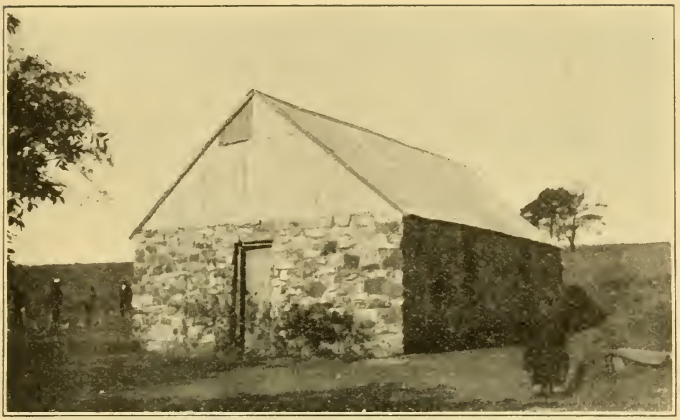
7:30 p. m., and this being their winter season it seemed quite late. However, all our baggage was safe.

Sunday, July 12th, proved a delightful day and favorable to the natives gathering from long distances. At the early morning meeting, eight children of native Christians were dedicated to the Lord in baptism. Miss Innis conducted a song service; and with Brother Schmelzenbach interpreting, the writer endeavored to explain to the parents that now their children were consecrated to God, they were neither to be sold or exchanged for cattle, or bartered to men for wives. This session was followed by preaching to two hundred natives, possibly seventy-five of them believers. The church was packed, all sitting on the floor except the missionaries, the native Christians being provided with mats. About thirty of Miss Innis' people had come from Grace Mission, fifteen miles distant, three of the children dedicated having been carried hither on their mothers' backs. We held a second service, Brother Schmelzenbach and Miss Innis conducting preliminary exercises. The writer, with Brother Schmelzenbach as interpreter, preached from 1 John, first chapter, using blackboard and other illustrations. The meeting was wondrously prospered of the Lord, several earnest seekers coming forward to engage in prayer. Miss Innis' native preacher sought the baptism with the Holy Ghost. The evening was given over to an English service for the missionaries, the writer making a report of his survey in Japan, China, and India. The early portion of Monday was devoted to evangelistic service. There were seventy-five present, fifty of them professed believers, and probably twenty in their testimony gave evidence of having experienced regeneration.

It may interest the reader to know that all the land in Swaziland is held under reserve claim or title — that is, Gold Mining Property owners, White Farmers, and Native Reserve. The first two charge each head of house a yearly rental, and the law is such that a native living on such premises must work in the mine, or on the farm, of the respective owners a portion of each year, he of course to receive a certain wage for his labor. Refusing to do this, the owner has the right of ejection. Should the native be ordered to move, he would have to build his hut elsewhere; or, if the headman of a kraal, then in a place

suitable for all his people. Grace Mission being located on a mining claim, is subject to removal at will of owner. The Native Reserve set apart by the government, provides an allotment for each native, after the system pursued in the United States of America with reference to the Indian. Therefore, in order to obtain a grant for his station, the missionary must secure it from one of the three above sources, i. e., Mine or Farm Owners, or Government Commission in charge of Native Reserve; and only missionaries or storekeepers can secure a grant in the native reserve. Should they go out of business, the land would again revert to its original purpose. Peniel is located on a three-acre grant in the native reserve, which Superintendent Schmelzenbach secured through the assistance of the Government Commissioner, Swaziland being a British protectorate. We are also hoping to get an additional seven acres, which will give us a very fine station with sufficient land in ordinary seasons to raise necessary mealie, grain, fruits, and vegetables to supply our school and mission. We are greatly favored in our possession here by having a fine body of eucalyptus shade trees, an orange grove, a small orchard of lemons, peaches, apricots, and smaller fruit; also a fine spring bubbling out from the mountain side one hundred yards from the home, supplying abundance of water for man and beast, as well as a limited amount for irrigation along the spruet.

Our church at Peniel is of good stone and iron construction, with four windows, a door, and raised platform of stone, besides cement floor. If the drawing of the stone and labor had been paid for in cash, the building would have probably cost a thousand dollars. A carpenter's or mason's services alone would have been a pound per day, or about $5.00 each in American money. Had the iron from Hectorspruet, eighty miles distant, been by public delivery, that would have been an additional heavy expense; but our brother utilized native volunteers, and applied himself to all kinds of work, bringing stone from a remote quarry and building it into walls, going himself to Hectorspruet for iron and finishings, and wading waist deep to dig sand for cement of floor and mortar for walls. His foresight, too, in procuring us a wagon and donkey inspan for transportation was a great additional saving to the General Board. So we have this substan-



CHURCH AT PENIEL MISSION, SWAZILAND

GROUP OF WARRIORS

tial structure at a cost of $354.85, a monument to the devoted Christian heroism of our brother, and a living testimony of what the grace and power of God can accomplish through a man so consecrated to the Master's service.

Monday, we held the dedicatory services for this building, all missionaries taking part, Brother Schmelzenbach interpreting,

MISS INNIS READY FOR A JOURNEY

and there was crying and praying and shoutings of joy. At the invitation, several came forward and knelt for prayer, all making their own petition. The native preacher from Grace Mission testified to having received the gift of the Holy Ghost; several native Christians claimed to have special help and joined in the general praise and thanksgiving, thus demonstrating that

God is no respecter either of place or persons. Many of the Grace Mission people had now to return, and the Peniel missionaries, after the evening meal, went into conference until 10 o'clock. Then, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, none of the missionaries felt they could retire until they had opened the box of clothing sent by First Church, of Los Angeles. If the homefolks could only have been present at the unpacking of this box, they surely never would fail in their annual shipment of clothing for distribution to the missionaries and among the needy native families.

Tuesday, July 14th, the weather was clear and cold, but very

PENIEL MISSION HOME

bracing, and the scene was full of inspiration. A large portion of the day was spent in conferences with missionaries and only adjourned at 3:00 o'clock in order to give Miss Innis time to reach Grace Mission, fifteen miles away, before darkness should overtake her, for as the road was exceedingly treacherous and rugged, having to be made by saddle-donkey, it was sufficiently late to start on such a journey.

At Sister Innis' departure, the writer, in company with Superintendent Schmelzenbach, made a trip to top of the nearby mountain, a half mile west of the home, and possibly five hun-

dred feet higher. The view was most commanding in every direction. On the one hand swept the great bushveldt southeastward; then to the northwestward were the lofty mountains circling around us, reminding us of the passage in the Psalms which speaks of the mountains about Jerusalem.

DANIEL

Wednesday, July 15th, we had baptismal service, meeting candidates and their several friends in the church, Brother Schmelzenbach interpreting while the writer spent considerable time catechising them. Some had been probationers for two years. We then proceeded to a brook two miles away, over an exceedingly rough path, so steep we were obliged to leave our donkeys

and proceed on foot. Arriving, the water was so shallow as to oblige candidates kneeling to be immersed. Among these converts was a native by name of Daniel, a cripple, having no use of his lower limbs, who consequently had to travel on his hands, dragging his body after him. We are told he frequently covers the distance from his parents' hut to the mission, five miles, arriving before breakfast in order to be present at family prayers. He is a devout Christian, a hard student, and is endeavoring to obtain sufficient education so he can teach his fellow-countrymen. The mission folk are frequently aroused at 3:00 or 4:00 o'clock in the morning by his audible prayer, as he makes supplication

MISS INNIS AND HEATHEN GIRLS (Sisters of Daniel)

in the church or out in some ravine. This is another evidence of the power of the Gospel to save every one that believeth.

We were somewhat perplexed by the case of a native woman, converted a number of months ago, and very desirous of baptism, yet who had not strength of character to stand against her husband's demands and refuse to "grind beer." Beer drinking is the almost universal custom in Swaziland, but our missionaries feel that they must be firm in demanding that converts should always prove their faith by good works. Finally the husband came and promised if his mother would grind the beer, he would release the wife from her duty, so she could be immersed. One of the

difficult problems of the missionaries is the instructing and building up of the native convert.

Thursday, the 16th, in company with Brother Schmelzenbach, we started at an early hour for the bushveldt section, eight miles distant, in a southerly direction, where we hope to open a new preaching station among the natives. The writer jour-

NATIVE CHRISTIAN GIRL WASHING

neyed on the mule, when the way was not so steep and rough as made it necessary to dismount and walk. We made the distance down in two and one-half hours, reaching the site which had been selected by Brother Schmelzenbach as a prospective outstation, provided consent could be obtained from the chief in the section and the one seven miles further on. The writer

was very favorably impressed with the proposed location. It is a wide valley with a number of small spruets coming down the canyons and winding through it on their devious way; while along the banks lie native kraals containing five to seventy-five huts each, and of course, many men, women and children.

As the prairies are every year swept by fires, and no one being on guard to protect the building, it is proposed the struc-

ture shall be of stone and iron, as otherwise it might be destroyed, and time, labor and money lost. And as the natives have no system of marking the hours or days of the week, it is quite necessary we should have a bell so its tones reaching miles away could be used to call them to meeting. There is also a fine ledge of rock a quarter mile distant, and a nearby stream would furnish abundant water. A white missionary could doubtless not dwell there on account of the malarial climate,

but having a native helper, he could come down once or twice a month, hold services and visit kraals. On the return we stopped and held services at one of the kraals, Brother Schmelzenbach having great liberty of speech with the native police, and while preaching.

You will note they are grinding beer, for it seems to be a festive occasion, and there are much people gathered for beer-drinking. Along the way we also saw a dam, or tank, where they dip cattle to free them from ticks and other poisonous insects. These dams are constructed and kept up by the government, a special tax being levied on each cattle owner. Two thousand

BROTHER SCHMELZENBACH AND NATIVE POLICE

feet farther up, we came to another kraal where the head man, about one hundred years old, was very ill; and who all his life had been a great believer in spirit-worship. When Brother Schmelzenbach wanted to offer prayers for him the head man said: "No! Don't bring trouble on me by praying here; for it will make the spirits angry; but pray for me after you reach home." This man is one of many who believe that at death the spirit enters the body of a serpent and dwells in the ceiling of some hut. We had a refreshing repast at the mission, after which we held a brief conference with our Superintendent concerning the future of the work.

Friday, July 17th, was a delightful day, with bright sun, balmy air, and plentiful supply of ozone. After an exciting scene among the natives, we finally succeeded in getting Brother Schmelzenbach's family, together with necessary baggage, edibles, and camping accouterment, loaded into a wagon and began the journey to Grace Mission at Popanyaan. Grace Mission is five miles from Pigg's Peak, a fifteen mile drive from Indingeni, the location of Peniel — and such dreadful roads as one must travel — mountains, ant hills, precipices, deep canyons, etc. In addition to the missionary party we had with us Timothy, a native preacher, two native girls, and four native boys. Brother Schmelzenbach and natives walked the entire distance, and

WOMEN GRINDING MEALIE FOR BEER

Sister Schmelzenbach with her children about half the distance. We outspanned about noon, where our good sister furnished us a fine luncheon.

This being our thirty-fifth wedding anniversary, my thoughts were mostly of home, and I had a great longing to be there. But I had many things for which to be thankful, one of them, the confidence that my loved ones were in God's care and among kind friends.

As we advanced we oftentimes came to mountains with such precipitous sides it seemed they certainly could never be climbed;

but the dear Lord was with us, and we made the ascent without accident to either ourselves or beasts. However, Brother Schmelzenbach and family, together with the writer and the Christians, abandoned the conveyance and came across country by native path, reaching our destination about 5:30 o'clock, several hours ahead of the drivers and wagon. In anticipation of our coming, Sister Innis had prepared a refreshing meal, after enjoying which several hours were spent reading letters awaiting us here from the homeland, and in social conversation, closing in a season of prayer.

Saturday, July 18th, we had breakfast and family devotions

A HARD CLIMB EN ROUTE FOR GRACE MISSION

at an early hour, then in company with Brother Schmelzenbach, he walking, the writer on the mule, we started to interview the Assistant Commissioner, Mr. Ross Garner. We had taken one of the native paths, and the first hour the way led through very wet, high, rank grass, down through deep ravines, across mealie fields and spruets until we struck the transport road to Pigg's Peak, where one finds the plant of the P. P. G. M. Co., the telegraph and postoffices, and Franklin Brothers' store. The government camp, headquarters of Assistant Commissioner, and homes of native police, together with military

camp, are all located one mile from the main transport road. We found the gentleman in his private office. While very busy, he gave us three quarters of an hour of his valuable time, and seemed much interested in our extension enterprise, and would be much delighted to have us enlarge our work for Swaziland by etsablishing schools, hospitals, etc., particularly industrial schools and homes for young women and girls. He was very enthusiastic over Brother Schmelzenbach's plans, and authorized him to go ahead and erect his church wherever he could secure consent of the local chief, and not trouble to first secure permission from him. He was also inclined to help us obtain

GOLD MINE, PIGG'S PEAK

free grants for hospitals, and encouraged our purchase of land while cheap for school and church purposes. At his urgent invitation, we called at his home. His wife was a very amiable lady who was just recovering from malaria, the first and only attack in nine years. It gave us much pleasure to call upon this Commissioner and his estimable wife, because of their great kindness shown to Brother and Sister Schmelzenbach while casting about to find suitable location for the mission.

We now hurried to Pigg's Peak, stopping first at Franklin's store, where our missionaries do the major portion of their trading, and have most all of their foreign checks or drafts

cashed. These gentlemen have been very kind to the missionaries, and would not allow us to go until they had served us with biscuits and tea. Our next pause was at the postoffice, located five hundred feet above the store. The postmistress was very obliging, and spoke kindly of the girl Sister Innis had let her have as a domestic for a few months. The Mining Company has been here many years, but it is stated that it did not become a paying institution until after the close of the English-Boer war. The moral conditions at the Peak are reputed to be very deplorable. It is the center of Swaziland's business industries. The rounds of the Peak made, we set out on our return, stopping at a small store owned by a Mr. Leadley, a wheelwright and blacksmith shop combined, with mill for making and mixing flour and meal. We were delighted to receive several letters containing good news from family and homeland, the same having been held for us here. A little longer delay to obtain necessary linchpins for the wagon, then we continued our trip and succeeded in keeping mount till we reached Grace Mission, at about 4:00 o'clock. A refreshing dinner having been served, the rest of the evening was devoted to a long discussion of present and future needs of the work.

Sunday, July 19th, proved a great day in the interest and history of our work at Grace Mission. It was a perfect winter day, light frost, cool, crisp wind, and clear sky, with sun swung well to the north, making it very favorable to our work at the mission. We had quite a surprise before breakfast, in which I am sure the reader will be interested. Living about three miles up the mountain beyond Grace Mission is an old man with twenty-two wives, and a large kraal, probably three or four hundred people. He has been very much opposed to missionaries and all foreigners, and has repeatedly told Sister Innis that, had he his way, he would kill every one of them. However, she was never frightened by his uncouth treatment and harsh speeches, but in company with Bible women frequently visited at the kraal, always, at such times, calling on and inviting him to her meetings. On one of these occasions, a few days before our arrival, she had invited him to attend the special service. He was suffering from toothache at the time, and asked if the missionary would carry his machine for pulling teeth, also if

PIGG'S PEAK STORE, SWAZILAND

GRACE MISSION, SWAZILAND

he made any charge for same. She replied that Brother Schmelzenbach would have his forceps, and that there would be no charge attached. Though he would not promise to visit the mission, yet Sunday morning early he came bringing one of his wives who was also suffering with toothache, and wanted the missionary to draw the offenders. Brother Schmelzenbach immediately gathered up his forceps and went into the biggest dental parlor the writer ever saw — all-out-of-doors — and successfully extracted the troublesome teeth, first for the old man, then for the wife. Brother Schmelzenbach made such a favorable impression that the man and his wife remained to all the

BROTHER SCHMELZENBACH AS A DENTIST

services of the day, even apologizing because they had to leave before the close, on account of approaching darkness.

The Christian natives from Peniel with those of Grace Mission totaled seventy-five people, including their children, and took up so much room in the little church that only about fifty of the heathen could get in; so we adjourned to hold a kind of campmeeting out of doors in the church yard. This was a great meeting for Swaziland. The missionaries stated that the heathen present far exceeded the number that they, in their most sanguine hopes, had ever thought possible. Good order held

throughout the day. Miss Innis had great liberty in conducting the song service, also in exhorting; Brother Schmelzenbach spoke with much unction, then interpreted while the writer undertook to bring the message. The Holy Spirit worked mightily; and at the altar there were earnest seekers, praying, shouting, crying and tears falling on the ground. The writer preached on the power of the Gospel to take away the stony heart, and fill its room with one that is clean and pure. A good many of the unbelievers were seeking forgiveness of sins; many of the Christians sought a clean heart, and for a power to save them from the old temptation to sin, and keep them good wherever they

NATIVE CHRISTIANS, GRACE MISSION

might be. A woman who lived fifty miles away from the mission was a very earnest seeker. A man who was once a Christian, and a good preacher, but now far from God, as he drank, smoked, and beat his wife, cruelly mistreating and swearing at her when she would not grind beer, was an earnest seeker, and seemed to get help. It is necessary that our missionaries should be very firm with these seekers, and insist on their praying for themselves. Many are helped; but time will be needed to get them established in the things which go to make up a life for God, and fit them as right ensamples among their associates.

Our second session took the form of a classmeeting in which instructions were given to the believers with reference to personal Christian living. Then, by special request on the part of the native believers, we devoted a little time to the great questions that are perplexing not only the native Christians, but the missionaries themselves — (1) The question of "ekalobola," or paying a ransom, or buying their wives and concubines with cattle; (2) Relieving wives from grinding beer for their husbands; (3) Plurality of wives; (4) Which woman would be considered the true wife and received into the church.

The writer told them the "Manual" held many instructions on

NATIVE CONGREGATION KNEELING

Christian living, also the doctrines and rules pertaining to the things we should refrain from doing; but as we never before had had to meet the above questions, the General Assembly had never made any special laws concerning them. We told them that the General Assembly would carefully consider these matters, and would doubtless uphold the policy already pursued by the missionaries on the field. This policy as already explained is not to receive those who "ekolabola" for their wives, or receive same for their daughters, nor those who have more than one wife, nor women who still grind beer for their husbands, nor men

who will not stop using it. Meanwhile the authority of the missionaries sustains this high standard, awaiting the enactment of a permanent law by the General Assembly.

At the session immediately following, and on account of the distance apart, as well as dangers of the route between the two missions, besides the increasing demands seeming to render it very essential, the writer ordained both Brother Schmelzenbach and Miss Etta Innis, after which they assisted in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Usually the sacrament is observed once in every three months, when this is possible; but Sister Innis has been so isolated in her work it has been three years since she received it.

After this we had the testimony meeting. A number of natives testified as to what we in the homeland would call justification, except Solomon, who testified to having received the gift of the Holy Spirit.

This closed the series of meetings at Grace Mission, as on account of the expense to secure lighting facilities, also because of the dangers to which the natives would be exposed by attacks of wild beasts and serpents over the long, rugged and unsafe paths, after darkness had settled down, it is considered impracticable to hold services at night. Some of the natives living farthest away had therefore gone while the sun was still quite a way up; and as we finally dismissed it was just setting. All the natives now said good-bye except those of Peniel, who were to remain over until next day, free food having been arranged for them, the same consisting of boiled mealie-mush and pumpkin. After refreshments, we went into conference to discuss the interests of our work in Africa, appointing Brother Schmelzenbach superintendent of the district work and Miss Innis secretary of same; Brother Schmelzenbach was also made treasurer, they to hold office until their successors are elected.

Monday, July 20th, up at 4:00 o'clock, having had a couple of hours rest and an early breakfast, we packed and loaded our wagon, then accompanied Brother Schmelzenbach to pray for preacher Solomon's baby, which was very sick, the twin brother having already died. The native Christians having gathered for farewell service, I read the One Hundred and Twelfth Psalm and sought to bring them the comforting message of God's

power to keep, and told them I knew it was so, for He had kept me in the Christian way nearly forty years. After the final good-bye we started for Hectorspruet, where we were to make connections for Cape Town, thence by steamer to Cape Verde Islands. Our donkey inspan having had a couple of days' rest, we started from Grace Mission down the grade at a smart pace to connect with the transport road, a mile or more distant. The natives following us down the long hill sáng in Zulu, "God be with you till we meet again." As we reached the top of the opposite hill, we took a farewell look and offered prayer that God would bless and prosper the work in Swaziland, wondering if we would ever see its people again before we meet them on the Resurrection morn.

About noon we crossed Umlati River, a broad but shallow stream, we pushed on until 10:00 o'clock at night. We would have stopped an hour earlier, but the tribe had assembled for beer-drinking, and some of their men, coming out and ordering us to go on, we thought it the better wisdom to do so. With a board taken from Sister Innis' kitchen door, we improvised a bed with the blankets and my typewriter as a pillow and succeeded in getting a good night's rest, Brother Schmelzenbach sleeping as usual under the wagon. We noticed as we progressed in the bushveldt country that the weather was considerably warmer, and the grass had already begun to look green where it had been burned over.

July 22nd, we were up in time to see the beautiful, clear sunrise break over the land, and we inspanned for our last run. We had not gone far when we came to a section abounding with ant heaps, reported to be the largest known in Africa. The morning was spent in reviewing the work with Superintendent Schmelzenbach; and, having made good time, we outspanned near the station at 1:00 o'clock, where we rearranged our baggage and changed clothes, leaving nearly all our heavier garments for the missionaries' use. We had a refreshing dinner of chicken, bread and hot tea, with cheese and crackers. With the assistance of our brother interpreter, we now had a heart-talk with the drivers, one admitting he ought to seek the Lord soon, as his heart was troubled. After another season of prayer the donkeys were inspanned, and the writer with baggage was

carried to the station. We secured tickets, checked luggage, deposited mail, and gave the last moment to the final farewells. We boarded the westbound train for Johannesburg at 4:40 p. m., passing through Pretoria, the garden spot of South Africa, just on time to view the splendid sunrise. The forty-five miles to Johannesburg was through a rough, hilly and barren country. We were delayed in this city several hours. It is an exceedingly healthful location, having an altitude of fifty-eight hundred feet, and is noted for its gold output. At last we made connections with the Royal Mail train, having thirteen

SOUTH AFRICA ANT-HEAP

coaches and modern equipment, with good dining service, except that the wall brackets instead of being decorated with the customary flowers had bouquets of bottles of spirits and wines. Evidently, it would seem, they make a specialty of serving the public with these beverages.

Leaving all traces of the gold-bearing quartz about thirty miles south of Johannesburg, our course ran through a vast expanse of country very much in appearance like the western and southern parts of the United States of America, prairies with ant hills and many scrubby trees like the mesquite of Texas and Mexico, the monotony was varied by frequent sights of large

inspans of oxen, mules, or donkeys bound for some distant city. We passed Kimberley, noted for its diamond output, which was last year over one hundred million dollars, and continued on in an uninterrupted course in and out and around the mountains till finally, Saturday morning, July 25th, we reached the beautiful Cape Town country with its lofty mountain peaks and broad valleys, dotted with eucalyptus, pepper, and various fruit-bearing trees, reminding one of southern California, arriving in station at 9:15. We had anticipated making connections here with the Royal Mail steamer scheduled to leave Cape Town at 1:00 p. m., but were informed she would not stop at Las Palmas where one must transfer for Cape Verde Islands. So, abandoning all hope of leaving Cape Town until Monday, July 27th, and being assured that the steamship *Galatia* would make connections at the Canaries in time for St. Vincent, August 17th, we booked to sail at 4:00 o'clock, Monday, July 27th. Having engaged room at the Manchester Hotel, and desiring to be relieved of the distressing neuralgia which had followed me for weeks, I started in search of a dentist. Having finished with the dentist, I spent the balance of the day at the hotel, with the exception of a couple of hours' ride on the tramway-car around the Bay route. The scenery on this trip was delightful, giving one a view of the city as well as the mountains, and the coast.

Sunday, July 26th, the sunrise was one of the most magnificent ever witnessed. In the morning, I visited the Presbyterian church; in the afternoon, attended service at the Y. M. C. A.; and at night St. George's Cathedral, Church of England, and Salvation Army.

Monday, July 27th, at 9:00 o'clock, I proceeded to Cook Company's office, and was informed that the *Galatia* was late and would not connect with Las Palmas at St. Vincent, so I booked to sail on the German ship, *Gertrude Woermann,* which was in dock and would sail at 4:00 o'clock, and make connections with Las Palmas for St. Vincent. Another hasty visit to the dentist, a last budget of mail deposited for home, a light lunch, and the writer with baggage was hurried on board. Owing to the roughness of both sea and weather, the steamer did not weigh anchor until 6:00 o'clock a. m., Tuesday, July

28th. There was a heavy sea, and the vessel rolled and pitched as soon as outside the harbor. As the day advanced the storm gathered force, the wind blowing a perfect gale, and at 4:00 o'clock, she took such a sea that all the funnels were down. The storm raged three days and nights, lashing the sea into such a fury that it threatened to engulf our good ship. Many of the passengers were suffering wretchedly from sea-sickness, and a colony of negroes, in the transport, being accustomed to tropical climate, succumbed to malaria and pneumonia, many of their number dying.

The German vessel made two stops in German West African

STREET SCENE IN CAPE TOWN

ports. First, July 30th, 3:30, found us anchored in Liedeszencht Lutesipbuch Bay. Here a large supply of vegetables and fresh water was taken aboard. July 31st, we made our second stop, at Swakopmond Port, but the sea continued so rough the tugs would not come out to meet us, so we remained at double anchor until Saturday, August 1st, putting off and taking on cargo, and set sail at 2:00 p. m. Still the great swells made the steamer plunge madly at times.

Sunday, August 2nd, was largely spent in meditation on the Book of Jude. At 10:00 o'clock, there was great excitement

throughout the ship created by Captain Caston's communicating a wireless message which stated that owing to the war existing between Germany and Austria against Servia, Russia, and France, he was ordered to make nearest neutral port in order to save the ten million dollar cargo and valuable ship; and that he would at once set sail for Brazil. It was evident such a course would take us three thousand miles out of our way, but we continued en route for a Brazilian port and succeeded in dodging the British cruisers searching for us, at last putting into a small port, Sapetida, on the 17th, a black plague quarantine station, about fifty miles south of Rio de Janeiro, where we were detained until August 19th. A pilot boat arriving from Rio de Janeiro at this time, her pilot not only gave us information about the war, a theme of much interest to us all, but informed us we were to proceed to Rio de Janeiro, where we arrived safely the same day. The morning was quite foggy and concealed the beauties of the coast with its picturesque mountains; but as we approached port it lifted somewhat, and we could see the strong fortifications and the formidable fortress in the center. At length we were anchored in one of the largest and most beautiful harbors in the world, of proportions ample for the accommodation of the combined naval forces of all the nations. As Zapata Bay is a black plague quarntine, we were obliged to remin on board till the 20th, in order to give opportunity for thorough fumigation of the ship. At last allowed to land, we immediately visted the American Consulate to advise with him as to the possibility of making St. Vincent; then we called on the British Consulate, also at the Royal and Pacific Mail Company's office; but at none of these places were we able to receive any encouragement that we could leave Rio de Janeiro for several days, and none thought it advisable for us to continue our endeavors to tour Cape Verde Islands. While waiting, we cabled headquarters for money, as we had not anticipated this extra long voyage and the Woermann Ship Company claimed they were relieved of further responsibility, having landed us in neutral port.

The writer made several attempts to arrange for booking on the *India Prince,* running direct to New York City, but feeling some uneasiness as to our ability to voyage safely, we finally

decided to enter booking on the Pacific mail steamer *Oriana*. This decision was approved by the American Consulate. Having cabled home that we were sailing on the *Oriana* via Liverpool and Scotland, we hastened on board, leaving Rio de Janeiro at 5:30 p. m., August 25th.

We reached St. Vincent, Cape Verde Islands, September 2nd, at 6:30 p. m. Our original plan was to have visited the Pentecostal Nazarene Mission at Brava, one hundred and twenty miles distant, where there is a population of forty thousand, and a good church property valued at eigtheen hundred dollars, with a membership of sixty Portuguese converts. Going ashore, we consulted the ship company's agent; then attempted to see the American Consul, but on account of lateness of the hour his office was closed. However, by the assistance of a Christian brother, Mr. Augusto M. Miranda, I had an interview with the Secretary of the American Legation. Brother Miranda was the gentleman whom our missionary, Mr. Diaz, had requested to accompany me to Brava, and from him I obtained much valuable information. From this interview we went to call on his majesty's British Consul, Captain Taylor, who very kindly, but firmly assured the writer that unless he had several months to remain in the islands, he should by all means not neglect the opportunity to resume his journey on the *Oriana*. Believing this to be the only sane and safe course to pursue, he decided not to miss the present occasion to complete his voyage. This was a great disappointment to the writer, as it doubtless was to the General Board, for we had come so near to our work. But later experiences and developments compensated for the loss, and justified the decision as having been a very wise one.

We continued our voyage, stopping at Lisbon, September 7th, and at Leixoes — its common name being Oporto — where we had a narrow escape from going on the reefs on account of a heavy fog being suddenly precipitated. Our next anchorage, September 9th, was at Vigo, Spain, where we took on cargo and passengers. Our second port in Spain was at Corunna. September 12th, we made Lapolice, port of La Rochelle, France. We were obliged to anchor some distance from the pier on account of the large number of transports in dock. About thirty thousand soldiers were being landed, and immediately hurried

off to the line of battle less than three hundred miles distant. There was great excitement everywhere prevalent on account of the war. After a stop of two hours, we left this port and continued on to Liverpool, England, where, having dodged the German armored cruisers seeking us, we arrived safely at 10:30 Sunday morning, September 13th, in time to hear the church bells chiming for morning service — a most welcome sound to us. Having passed the medical examination, with our effects and self safely landed, we took time for a special season of thanksgiving and praise to God who had so remarkably cared for us during all the forty-three days we had been a war refugee, and, indeed, during the entire trip. The reader will be interested to know of the providential leadings of the Lord in that the writer was deterred from sailing on either the British steamer *Galatia,* or the *India Prince,* as the first-mentioned was captured by a German cruiser, and the second was sunk. We feel, too, that the long delay in India was of His direction; as also the change of route from Calcutta through Suez Canal, as originally planned to the more direct one from Calcutta to East Coast, South Africa, already referred to.

In Liverpool, the writer enjoyed the privilege of attending service at St. Andrew's Cathedral, Church of England.

Monday, September 14th, we arrived in Glasgow, Scotland, and were met at the station by a Brother Cunningham, a student of the Holiness Pentecostal Bible College here, who very kindly conducted us to Westborne Terrace, the home of Rev. George Sharpe, and where the writer was most royally entertained during his stay in Scotland and England. The writer had not yet had the privilege of meeting Brother Sharpe, as he was still absent in America on a vacation and campmeeting tour; but through the Christian courtesy of his wife and daughters, so generously bestowed, he was at once made to feel at home.

As the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene and Brother Sharpe had been negotiating with reference to the union of the Pentecostal churches there, and the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, and the prospect of such union had been greatly augmented during General Superintendent Walker's visit to Scotland, the writer, through the advice of Sister Sharpe and a number of associate workers, at once proceeded to make an

itinerary. This plan was heartily approved by Brother Sharpe when he arrived, and a further visitation of Scottish and English churches and missions arranged. The writer enjoyed services with the congregations at Paisley; Uddingston; Whifflet; Morley, England; Androssan; the Weslyan Pentecostal Church of Edinburgh; Leith, and their anniversary which was held at Park Head Pentecostal Church. It had been hoped that the union might have been consummated during the writer's stay, but unable to perfect the necessary arrangements, the matter was postponed. It is still pending. However, it is hoped it will be completed at their Easter Assembly, 1915. The writer is incapable of expressing his appreciation of the great kindness shown him by Brother Sharpe and family during his sojourn in Scotland, especially as he had found himself in a very exhausted physical condition when he arrived in Glasgow.

On October 17th we sailed from Liverpool on the steamship *Baltic,* which made a safe voyage, and landed us in New York Friday, October 16th. Needless to say, the writer had been looking forward with great anticipation to the glad hour when he might catch the first glimpse of the lights along the shore of his own native land, but a heavy fog caught the longed-for vision from our eyes, and we could form no idea as to how near land we were, until startled by the sudden warning of the foghorn, we were apprised of our close approach. The writer could not help shedding tears of joy, overcome as he was by the sense of God's goodness in bringing him safely all the way. This fog was soon dispelled by a rain, which continued all day. We passed quarantine about 8:00 o'clock, and reached Pier No. 60 at 10:00 a. m. Here we were made glad by the welcome from Brother Jump, husband of our pastor in New York City, the Rev. Mrs. Ida M. Jump. The writer will never forget their great kindness in meeting him and rendering so much assistance, as well as the cordial invitation to join himself and wife at lunch in the Pennsylvania station, which, needless to say, was accepted and very much enjoyed. Then, the good-bye said, we were soon seated on a fast train for Pittsburgh, where we stopped for a brief visit with our daughter and family, Mr. and Mrs. Whitehead. Then, continuing our journey, we arrived in Kansas City, October 18th, and of course hastened with all

MAP OF
WORLD-WIDE MISSION TOUR

speed to home and loved ones, whom God had so tenderly and kindly cared for during our long absence of nearly ten months. After joyful greetings, we all engaged in a special season of prayer and thanksgiving to our faithful Father, who had so prospered us and brought us to our "desired haven."

And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth.

Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost;

Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen (MATT. 28:18-20).

Mission Stations Not Visited During the Missionary Tour.

MEXICO

While Mexico was not in the path of the writer's trip around the world, it was his privilege a few years since to visit our work in that republic.

We have mission stations at Mexico City, Tonala, Jalisco, and San Geronimo. Arriaga is the postoffice address for Jalisco, Mexico.

Rev. S. M. Stafford and Mr. C. H. Miller were pioneers of the work in Mexico before the union of forces at the General Assembly, Pilot Point, 1908.

At each of our mission stations in the state of Chiapas, we have quite substantial buildings; and at Jalisco and San Geronimo parsonages attached; while in Tonala we have a separate parsonage building of six rooms with a most excellent well.

We regret very much that on account of the disturbed conditions in Mexico these churches in Chiapas have been closed and the missionaries brought home in obedience to the President's proclamation; so at present the only mission we have to continue is that in charge of Dr. V. G. Santin at Mexico City, D. F., who through grave hindrances, sacrifices, and imminent personal peril has carried on our work in a rented hall.

We have also a work in Juarez, Mexico, where we have been conducting Sunday school and mission services in a rented hall; but on account of the unstable government, our missionary — Rev. S. D. Athens and his associate, Mrs. Santos Elizando — have been located on the El Paso side of the boundary; and at times have been permitted to do very effectual work in the prisons, hospitals, and among the soldiers. While waiting for the restoration of peace, our representatives have been very active in El Paso and their labors richly blessed. Recently, too, our Board has been able to purchase a building in the central

part of the Mexican work and a very precious revival is now in progress.

Rev. J. H. Estes is pastor of a self-supporting Mexican work in Deming, New Mexico; and Mrs. M. McReynolds has for several years been very successful in evangelistic and school work among Spanish speaking people in southern California.

CENTRAL AMERICA AND CUBA

These missions are among the new fields coming to us through the recent union of forces of the Pentecostal Mission and the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene. The work in Central America began in 1901. Rev. and Mrs. J. T. Butler, and Rev. and Mrs. R. S. Anderson are stationed at Coban, Guatemala. Coban is about two hundred miles from our southernmost mission in Mexico. Our present operations consist in circulating hundreds of thousands of papers and tracts from our Spanish press, evangelistic touring, and day schools, together with regular mission station and Sunday school work.

The work in Cuba was begun at Trinidad in 1902 by Rev. and Mrs. J. L. Boaz, Miss Leona Gardner, and their co-laborers — Rev. and Mrs. Tiofilo Castellanos. Brother Castellanos has charge of a large territory in the country, including the village of Condado, also another nearby town of some two thousand people; but there are a number of communities in this section, all of considerable importance, which together with the adjacent country are sadly in need of the Gospel; and in which there is neither work nor workers. Trinidad is about two hundred miles from Havana on the southern coast of Cuba.

Our missionaries both in Central America and Cuba have the esteem and confidence of the people, and are frequently importuned by the people of surrounding states to come and preach to them.

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